

No. XXVI.

APRIL, 188

THE

Manchester Quarterly

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

OF

LITERATURE AND ART.



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PUBLISHED FOR

THE MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB

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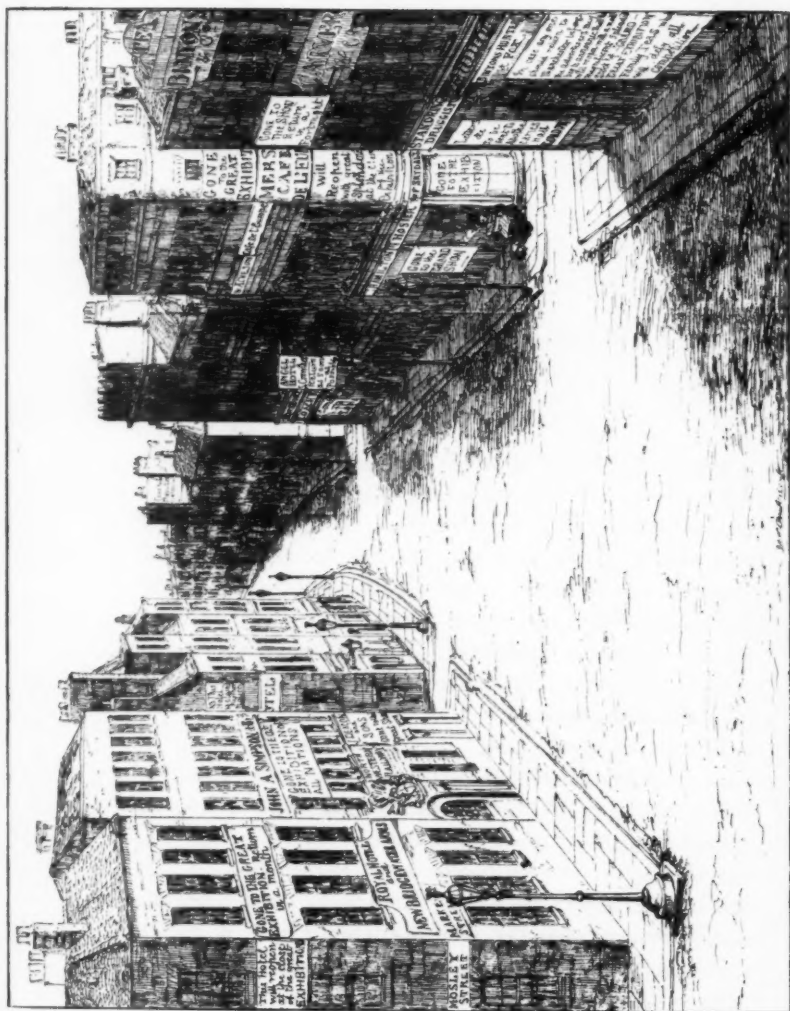
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MANCHESTER in 1851.

MANCHESTER in 1831.



THE LATER WORK OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BY HARRY THORNER.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, for the greater part of his long life, was an indefatigable worker, and turned out illustrations by the thousands during the period I propose to take in hand. Owing to the wealth of materials it would be a simple impossibility to notice each illustration, or even each book, that George wholly, or partly illustrated. All that is possible is an endeavour to call attention to those which I consider to be his best productions.

In 1821 appeared one of the most celebrated books he partly illustrated—" *Life in London ; or, The Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., and his elegant friend Corinthian Tom, accompanied by Bob Logic, the Oxonian, in their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis.* By Pierce Egan. Embellished with thirty-six scenes from real life, designed and etched by J. R. and G. Cruikshank, and enriched also with numerous original designs on wood by the same artists." This book enjoyed nearly as great a popularity in its day as *Pickwick* some fifteen years later, but now is only valued on account of

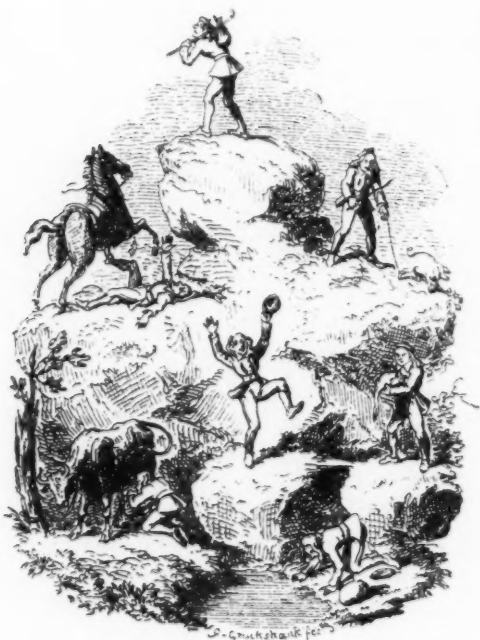
THE MANCHESTER QUARTERLY. No. XXVI.—APRIL, 1833.

the plates by the Brothers Cruikshank. It was brought out in numbers, and it is stated that after a few numbers had appeared, George refused to do any more illustrations, as he did not like the tone of the text. Whether this is so or not, all the full page ones bear the names of both brothers. I should say that the work is nearly, if not quite, all Robert's, and when, some years later, Pierce Egan wrote a sequel, entitled *Finish to Life in London*, he commissioned Robert to make the illustrations, which rather confirms the theory that George had very little to do with the previous work. Owing to the success of *Life in London*, a companion work, entitled *Life in Paris*, written by David Carey, was brought out in 1822, with twenty-one engravings by George Cruikshank, done in aquatint. Considering that George had not been in Paris, the designs are good, the bulk of them being very spirited and highly amusing. George's next important work was *Points of Humour*, published by C. Baldwyn, 1823-24, in two parts, with ten etchings in each, and with eight vignettes on wood in Part I. and twelve in Part II. These two parts contain some of the very best productions of George's etching needle. The plates illustrating Burns's "Jolly Beggars" in the first part and Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle," "The Three Hunchbacks," and "The Quack Doctor," in the second, have never been excelled by him in any of his other works. Thackeray, in the *Westminster Review*, 1840, in speaking of this work says, "The collector of humorous designs cannot fail to have them in his portfolio, for they contain some of the very best efforts of Mr. Cruikshank's genius; and though not quite so highly laboured as some of his later productions, are none the worse, in our opinion, for their comparative want of finish. All the effects are perfectly given, and the expression as good as it could be in the most delicate engraving upon

steel. The artist's style, too, was then completely formed, and for our part we should say that we preferred his manner of 1825 to any which he has adopted since."

In 1823 appeared the first volume of the *German Popular Stories*, collected by the Brothers Grimm. This contains twelve etchings by George Cruikshank, printed in bronze. The second volume was not published until 1826, and contained ten etchings, printed in black. These two volumes contain George Cruikshank's very best work. Most of us when children read Grimm's stories, and a few may possibly have had the good fortune to read them in a copy illustrated by George Cruikshank. If so, the stories will be more vividly present in their minds than if they had read them without the illustrations. Who does not remember the story of "Hans in Luck," who, after serving his master for seven years, receives in payment for the same a piece of silver as big as his head, who exchanged this piece of silver for a horse, the horse for a cow, the cow for a pig, the pig for a goose, the goose for a grindstone, then being tired with his journey and with turning his grindstone, dragged himself to the side of a pond for a drink of water; stooped down to drink, forgot the grindstone, pushed it and down it went into the pond, then thanked heaven for taking his only plague, the ugly heavy stone? All these phases of the story are well and truthfully depicted by Cruikshank on one plate. Witness the delight of the two little dwarfs at finding the clothes left for them by the shoemaker and his wife in the plate to the story of "The Elves and the Shoemaker," or the rage of Rumpelstiltskin on hearing the Queen pronounce his right name. The gambols of the Elves in the Elfin Grove witnessed by Mary the woodman's daughter, or the drollery depicted on the faces of the justice, clerk, constables, and the rest of the villagers jumping into the lake at the instigation of Pee

Wit in search of the imaginary flocks—in fact, every plate in the two volumes is a perfect little gem in its way. The first editions of the two volumes are exceedingly scarce and very valuable. A copy sold by auction in London a few months back for £48.



In 1824 appeared *Peter Schlemihl*, with eight very good etchings; *Italian Tales of Humour, Gallantry, and Romance*, with sixteen woodcuts; *Mornings at Bow Street*, with twenty-one woodcuts, and *Tales of Irish Life*, with six woodcuts. These all contain very good specimens of George's genius. In 1826 his best work was "Greenwich

Hospital. A series of Naval Sketches, descriptive of the Life of a Man-of-War's Man, with twelve etchings and sixteen woodcuts." The etchings are done in Cruikshank's best manner. "Jack's Trump of Defiance," "Sailors Carousing," "The Point of Honor," "The Battle of the Nile," "Paying Off," "A Witness," "Scud Hill," with a very good portrait of Lord Nelson, are amongst the best. In 1826 he also made some designs for wood blocks in



Hone's Every-Day Book; but the proportion was very small, only twelve out of a total of four hundred and thirty-six. In this year he published *Phrenological Illustrations*, being the first of a series issued by himself at his address, Myddelton Terrace, Pentonville. This set contains thirty-eight designs on six oblong plates. The best are:—"Philoprogenitiveness," displaying a man with a very large nose, seated at the fireside, surrounded by a family of eighteen children, all of them with a nose like their father.

"Combativeness," showing Donnybrook Fair in all its glory. "Destructiveness," a bull in a china shop. "Drawing," a man dragging a hand-cart past houses in which reside a dentist, a drawing master, and a publican. "Language," Billingsgate fishwomen abusing one another. "Conscientiousness," a Jew clothes dealer offering a shilling for a large quantity of second-hand clothes. "Benevolence," a criminal whipped at the cart's tail. In 1827 he etched twenty plates, from the designs of Alfred Crowquill, for *Eccentric Tales from the German*. For the *Gentleman's Pocket Magazine*, 1827 and 1829, he supplied fifteen illustrations of London characters, such as "Parish Beadle," "Stage Coachman," "Dustman," "Watchman," "Footman," "Hackney Coachman," "Baker," "Fishmonger," &c. He executed twelve in 1827, and three in 1829. Where all are equally good, it is needless to specialise. On May 1st, 1827, he published the second series of designs from his own address, "Illustrations of Time," containing thirty-six designs, on seven oblong plates. These contain some first-rate designs, such as "Time Called and Time Come," which depicts a prize-fight, where both combatants are so frightfully exhausted that neither can come up to the scratch in time. "Too Much Time": A man, lying in bed, yawning, is remarking to his friend, who wonders at him staying there in the glorious summer time, "Why, my good fellow, the days are so dreadfully long." "Time thrown Away": Six old washerwomen trying to scrub a black man white. "Making up for Lost Time": Two female servants and a footman seated at dinner. One servant says, "La, Muster John, how you do eat;" to which he replies, "Eat! aye, and so would you eat, too, if you had been out of place as long as I have." "Term Time": A lawyer offering to the plaintiff and defendant a shell each, the oyster having been consumed in fees and

costs. "A Remaining Custom of the Good Old Times": The Postman, Lamplighter, Turncock, Dustman, Beadle, the Waits, &c., besieging a house for the usual Christmas-box. In 1828 he illustrated "Punch and Judy," furnishing twenty-four etchings and four woodcuts, all of which are very graphic renderings of the different scenes in the representation of that entertainment. In 1828 appeared the first part of *Scraps and Sketches*. In his introduction George says—

"On the wrapper of my 'Illustrations of Time' I announced some more plates on the same subject; but 'there is a time for all things,' and their hour is deferred for the present. In justice to myself I must here notice the unwarrantable conduct of the proprietor of *Bell's Life in London*, who has taken the liberty of using my name in connexion with that Paper, and, without my permission, has lately spread his advertisements to that effect in every direction. I will just add that this is the *third* work which I have published on my own account: with all others to which my name has appeared as the artist, I have no further concern than wishing them success."

The allusion to the proprietor of *Bell's Life* was called forth by that gentleman using a large number of George's designs in his "Gallery of Comicalities," without permission. George was exceedingly wroth about it, but I believe he got no redress. The "Scraps and Sketches" came out in four parts, each part containing six plates. The second came out in 1829, the third in 1830, and the fourth in 1832. These twenty-four plates contain about 140 different designs, as varied as they are numerous. He has hits in them against "Jurymen," "Pleading at the Bar," "Duelling," "Laziness and Ignorance of Lacqueys," "The Enormous Size of Ladies' Bonnets," "Fatal Effects of Tight Lacing," "The Gin Shop," "Church and State," "Jerry Builders," "Coaches going without Horses," "Servantgalism," "Pleasures of Sea Sickness," "The Contrast between the Ale House and the Home," and a very striking and realistic plate called the "Friends' Frying Pan," showing the horrors, indecencies, &c., of Bartholomew Fair.

The fair was abolished some few years after the appearance of this plate. In 1828 he etched five designs for Wilson's *Catalogue Raisonné*, viz., "Connoisseurs at a Print Sale," "Connoisseurs at a Print Stall," "Connoisseurs at a Print Shop," "The Print Room at the British Museum," and "A Battle of Engravers." To collectors of old books, prints, &c., these five etchings especially commend themselves, the scenes being most faithfully depicted. The



following works done about this period require a passing word. *More Mornings at Bow Street*, a companion volume to *Mornings at Bow Street*, was issued in 1827, with one etching and twenty-four woodcuts. Cowper's *John Gilpin*, six woodcuts, and Hood's *Epping Hunt*, six woodcuts, in 1828. *The History of Napoleon Buonaparte*, eight woodcuts, in 1829. *Life of Lord Nelson*, eight woodcuts, *Tom Thumb*, six woodcuts, and *Bombastes Furioso*, nine woodcuts, in 1830. Of these, the designs to *John Gilpin* and the *Epping Hunt* are some of the best he did for the wood engravers.



THE THREE HUNCHBACKS

From "Points of Humour."

In 1830 he illustrated Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, and as George was always very good at depicting anything weird and grotesque, the etchings in this book take rank amongst his very best. In 1830 he drew fifty-one illustrations on wood, for *Three Courses and a Dessert*, by William Clarke, another of those productions which ere now would have been utterly forgotten were it not for George's admirable designs. He demonstrated in this work his marvellous power of imbuing inanimate objects with life—"The Tankard," "Barrel," "Mushroom," "Lemons," "Pumps," and "The Oyster," being perfect specimens of his handicraft in this direction. "The Deaf Postilion" is one of the best illustrations in the book, and depicts a chaise broken down, the hind part having been cast adrift. The two occupants are roaring as loudly as possible, but the postilion pursues his course, utterly unconscious of their efforts. The face of the deaf postilion is perfect. Mr. Thackeray says:—

Look at that postilion; the people in the broken-down chaise are roaring after him; he is as deaf as the post by which he passes. Suppose all the accessories were away, could not one swear that the man was stone-deaf beyond the reach of trumpet? What is the peculiar character in a deaf man's physiognomy? Can any person define it satisfactorily in words, not in pages, and Mr. Cruikshank has expressed it on a piece of paper not so big as the tenth part of your thumb nail.

In this year he supplied five etchings to Anstey's *New Bath Guide*, six etchings to *Illustrations to Popular Works*, the one to Burns' poems, "The deil came fiddling through the town," being the best.

During the period from 1821 to 1830 George was very busy and worked extremely hard, but in the next twenty years he worked still harder. His powers were now fully matured, and he received commissions for book illustrations from all sources. He was the chief book illustrator of the day, and it was naturally considered a very great

advantage for any writer to have his co-operation. Up to 1836 he was master of the situation, there being no one to dispute his supremacy, but from that date forward he had two very formidable rivals in Hablot K. Browne and John Leech, who gradually but surely made their way to the front as book illustrators, and eventually George had to give way, for reasons to be stated later on. In 1831 to 1833 he illustrated seventeen volumes of the *Novelist's Library*, edited by Thomas Roscoe. The works illustrated are—*Humphrey Clinker*, *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, by Smollett; *Amelia*, *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, by Fielding; *Vicar of Wakefield*, by Goldsmith; *Tristram Shandy*, by Sterne; *Don Quixote*, by Cervantes; and *Gil Blas*, by Le Sage. These volumes contain seventy-four etchings in all. Some of the best are—"Lismahago's Retaliation," "Strap's Misfortune in the Dining Cellar," "Adams' Visit to Parson Trulliber," "Blear-eyed Moll," "Squire Western's rage with Tom Jones," "The Three Black Hairs," "Obadiah Leading in Dr. Slop," "The Long-nosed Stranger at Strasburg," "Tossing Sancho in a Blanket," and "The Enchanted Bark." The illustrations to *Don Quixote* are, I think, superior to those in the remainder of the volumes. In 1831 he illustrated *Tales of Other Days*, with seven woodcuts; in 1832 *The Gentleman in Black*, with six woodcuts, and *The Bee and the Wasp*, with four charming etchings; in 1833 *Rejected Addresses*, by James and Horace Smith, with six woodcuts, and Pettigrew's *History of Egyptian Mummies*, with ten etchings. In this year he published the first part of *My Sketch Book*, which he carried on until 1836. It contains thirty-six plates—viz., nine parts of four plates each. These, like the ones in "Scraps and Sketches," for the most part have a large number of designs etched on them. In this book George made an early crusade against dram-drinking;

in the design "The Pillars of a Gin Shop," in which he shows a drunkard and his wife, accompanied by their children, all in a most pitiable state, leaning against the pillars of a gin shop, watched by the old gentleman himself, who is seated near a still. Also in the large plate, entitled "The Gin-Juggarnath; or, the Worship of the Great Spirit of the Age—its devotees destroy themselves—its progress is marked with desolation, misery, and crime." These two plates, along with "The Gin Shop," published in 1829, in "Scraps and Sketches," are the forerunner of the "Bottle," published in 1847. There is also a remarkable plate called "A Chapter of Noses." This shows a large quantity of noses of all shapes and sizes, and in the centre of the plate is a portrait of George Cruikshank holding William Kidd, the publisher, in the air by the nose with a pair of tongs. The following words are underneath: "Most approved method of pulling a fellow's nose (as practised by St. Dunstan.) Designed, etched, and published by George Cruikshank, who particularly requests that his friends and the public will observe that he has not any connexion with the works put forth by Mr. Kidd of Chandos Street—except the 'Gentleman in Black,' published some years ago, and that is the only transaction he ever had, or ever intends to have with the aforesaid Mr. Kidd, the publisher, of Chandos Street, West Strand. Myddelton Terrace, Pentonville, August 1st, 1834." This was the means George took of castigating Mr. Kidd, with whom he had quarrelled. He also illustrated, in this year, *Lucien Greville* with six etchings, and "*Sunday in London*" with fourteen woodcuts, some of which are fine specimens of George's genius. "The Pay Table," in which the landlord of the public-house is pointing out the man's weekly score to deduct from his wages; "The Sunday Market," showing the poorer classes

marketing on a Sunday morning, and also patronising the gin shops; "Cordial Workings of the Spirit," where drunken men and women, fighting, are turned out of the public-houses at church time on Sunday morning; "Thou shalt do no manner of work—thou, nor thy cattle," a clergyman leaving his carriage to enter the church, the beadle keeping people back who wish to pass; "Sunday Ruralizing," family parties and young people taking an airing at Primrose Hill—these are some of the more notable, although the designs are all very good.

In 1834 he illustrated *Tough Yarns* with eight etchings and nine woodcuts, and *Mirth and Morality* with twenty woodcuts, a few of which were afterwards used in *Peter Parley's Tales about Christmas*. In 1835, *The Beauties of Washington Irving*, with twenty woodcuts.

In this year Mr. McLean, having purchased a number of the large plates executed by George Cruikshank in his early days, 1814—1826, re-issued them under the title of "Cruikshankiana"—an assemblage of the most celebrated works of George Cruikshank. After getting George to retouch them, the plates were in fair order and gave good impressions. McLean rubbed off the original dates and the publishers' names, and inserted his own, with the date 1835. Anyone obtaining one of these plates, with McLean's name, will know it is not in the first state, but a reprint. The work consists of eighty-one plates; sixty-six by George Cruikshank, six by Robert Cruikshank, six by Dighton, and three others. In this year Mr. Charles Tilt, publisher, of Fleet Street, started the *Comic Almanac*, and commissioned George Cruikshank to illustrate it. This came out annually until 1853, nineteen years in all. For these nineteen volumes George made one hundred and ninety-seven etchings, and seventy-six designs on wood. If anything is needed to

show the many-sidedness and the versatility of George Cruikshank's genius, the etchings to these Comic Almanacs is a sufficient answer. In most years he designed a plate for each month—in most cases a humorous incident of some passing event, or satirising some mania of the day, such as his folding frontispiece to the *Comic Almanac*, 1852, "The Bloomers in Hyde Park." In a few cases, as in the years 1839 and 1840, his designs illustrated the text, "Stubbs's Calendar, or the Fatal Boots," and "The Story of Barber Cox, and the Cutting of his Comb," by W. M. Thackeray, appearing in these years, and George's designs applied to those tales. In the end the *Comic Almanac* was superseded by *Punch's Almanac*. According to Blanchard Jerrold—

Cruikshank was pressed by Mark Lemon to draw for *Punch* on his own terms; but he peremptorily declined. He had seen inexcusable personalities in the paper, he remarked, and when Lemon said to him "We shall have you yet," George shouted in reply, striking one of his theatrical attitudes, "Never!" He had repented of his early days of unscrupulous caricature. It must be remembered, always to Cruikshank's lasting honor, that, his wild youth past, he refused scores of tempting offers of work that did not quite commend itself to his conscience. He used to say he would illustrate nothing which he did not feel.

Let us now briefly dwell on the relations between George Cruikshank and Charles Dickens. When Dickens' *Sketches by Boz* were published by Macrone, early in 1836, George designed and etched sixteen plates to the two volumes; and when the second series appeared in 1837, he designed ten additional plates. But although Dickens was extremely delighted to have the co-operation of George Cruikshank in these volumes, and says so in the preface to the first of them, when he wanted an illustrator for *Pickwick*, on Seymour committing suicide, he did not engage Cruikshank, but Hablot K. Browne, better known as "Phiz," and in so doing there is no doubt he acted wisely, as everyone knows. There are a good many characters in

Dickens' works that Cruikshank would have illustrated to the life. But would he have drawn "Little Nell," "Edith and Florence Dombey," "Kate Nickleby," "Dora Spenlow," "Agnes Wickfield," or "Little Em'ly"? I venture to think not; and, though we may have missed something by his not illustrating more of Dickens' productions, we are in reality the gainers, as about this time George was illustrating books more congenial to his abilities, which he would not have undertaken had he the illustrating of Dickens' works to do. In August, 1836, Dickens entered into an agreement with Richard Bentley to edit a monthly magazine, to commence in the following January, and in this Dickens was to write a serial story. This story was *Oliver Twist; or, the Parish Boy's Progress*, and George Cruikshank was engaged to illustrate it. In depicting some of the characters Cruikshank was most successful, but in others, such as "Oliver" and "Rose Maylie," he has failed. The plates of "Oliver introduced to the Respectable Old Gentleman," "Sikes attempting to destroy his Dog," "The Last Chance," and "Fagin in the Condemned Cell," are amongst the finest specimens of his genius. In fact, it is doubtful whether he, at any portion of his career, made a better design than the last-named, where old Fagin is seated on his bed, with great staring eyes, and mouth wide open, showing his few remaining teeth, which are gnawing the nails on his long bony fingers. The scene is made terribly realistic. This is an etching that George was very proud of to the end of his days. He was always ready to talk about Fagin, and, if necessary, to act him.

In 1838 George Cruikshank illustrated the *Life of Grimaldi*, the celebrated clown, which was edited by Charles Dickens. Dickens had a very poor opinion of the letterpress, but nevertheless the book sold very well, principally on account of George's etchings. The best are—

"Master Joey going to visit his Godpapa," "A Bit of Pantomime off the Stage," "Grimaldi's Kindness to the Giant," "Live Properties," "Appearing in Public," "The Barber's Shop," and "The Last Song."

After the success of *Pickwick*, Dickens decided to re-issue *Sketches by Boz*, and bought the copyright from



Macrone. To make it uniform with *Pickwick*, he brought it out in twenty monthly numbers, each number having two etchings by George Cruikshank. Thirteen of these forty etchings were new designs, the other twenty-seven having been previously used in the earlier editions, but for this edition they were re-drawn on a larger scale. This was the last work George Cruikshank did for Dickens.

In 1836 Cruikshank did his first work for Harrison Ainsworth. He designed twelve etchings for *Rookwood*,

the best of which, although, as usual, his horses are by no means perfect, are "The Hornsey Gate," in which Black Bess, with Dick Turpin on her back, is clearing the toll-bar gate; "Turpin's Flight through Edmonton," where astonishment is depicted on all the bystanders at Black Bess and her rider jumping over the donkey cart. "I'll let 'em see what I think of 'em"—Turpin is very coolly looking round at his pursuers; and "Death of Black Bess," where Turpin is bemoaning the fate of the best horse in England.

After the conclusion of *Oliver Twist*, Dickens handed over the editorship of *Bentley's Miscellany* to Harrison Ainsworth, and by so doing Cruikshank came into relations with Ainsworth for the second time. George kept his post as chief illustrator to the *Miscellany* till the end of 1843. He executed for it one hundred and thirty-nine etchings in all; twenty-four of them to *Oliver Twist*, eight to *Ingoldsby Legends*, seven to *Nights at Sea*, twenty-seven to *Jack Sheppard*, twenty-two to *Guy Fawkes*, &c. The illustrations to *Jack Sheppard* are considered, and deservedly so, the best he executed for Ainsworth. The plate of "The Murder on the Thames," where Wood is pulling the baby into the boat, and Darrell is sinking, Old London Bridge being visible in the distance, shows Cruikshank at his very best, but the next plate, "The Storm," is equally good. Thackeray, describing these plates, says—

The poor wretch cowering under the bridge arch as the waves come rushing in, and the boats are whirling away in the drift of the great swollen black waters; and let any man look at that second plate of the murder on the Thames, and he must acknowledge how much more brilliant the artist's description is than the writer's, and what a real genius for the terrible as well as for the ridiculous the former has. How awful is the gloom of the old bridge. A few lights glimmering from the houses here and there, but not so as to be reflected on the water at all, which is too turbid and raging. A great heavy rack of clouds goes sweeping over the bridge, and men with flaring torches, the murderers, are borne away with the stream.

If the illustrations to *Jack Sheppard* are the best, the ones to *Guy Fawkes* are the worst. In fact, when *Guy Fawkes* was running in the *Miscellany*, George Cruikshank had quarrelled with Bentley, and wished to be let off his engagement to supply the plates. Bentley refused to let him, and so George purposely made the plates as bad as he could, and at the finish Bentley was perforce obliged to free him. To the end of his days George could never perceive that by so doing he had committed a wrong action. During his connection with the *Miscellany* he illustrated *The Tower of London* for Ainsworth, with forty etchings and fifty-eight woodcuts. Amongst these are some of his most powerful designs, such as "Mauger Sharpening his Axe," "The Fate of Nightgall," &c. At the end of 1841 Ainsworth retired from the editorship of the *Miscellany*, and brought out a magazine of his own which he called *Ainsworth's Magazine*, and although George and he had quarrelled over the *Tower of London*, the quarrel was patched up, and George was installed as illustrator to the new magazine on much more favourable terms than those he received from Bentley. The first tale he illustrated was *The Miser's Daughter*, by Ainsworth. In this George put forth his best efforts, and the result is that the twenty etchings are amongst his best specimens. Now followed *Windsor Castle*, which he supplied with fourteen etchings, and *Saint James's, or the Court of Queen Anne*, with nine etchings. These are the last works he illustrated for Ainsworth, another quarrel having taken place, and this time it was final.

During the time he had been illustrating the works of Dickens and Ainsworth he had not been idle in other directions. In 1836 he illustrated "Waverley Novels," thirty-five etchings; *The Adventures of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin*, with eight etchings; *A Comic Alphabet*, with twenty-six

etchings. In 1837, *Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote*, by H. D. Inglis, with six etchings and two woodcuts; *Scenes from the Life of Edward Lascelles, Gent.*, with four etchings; *The Pilgrim's Progress*, with an etching entitled "Vanity Fair," which is considered one of his best. In 1838, *Land Sharks and Sea Gulls*, with six etchings. In 1839, *The Life of Mausie Wauch*, with eight etchings; and the *Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*, with twelve etchings. Respecting this work, George Augustus Sala remarks—

He contributed some exquisitely comic etchings to the "Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman." The authorship of the ballad itself, which has furnished the basis for no less than three theatrical burlesques, is involved in mystery. George Cruikshank's assertion, and one to which he doggedly adhered, was that he heard the song sung one night by an itinerant minstrel outside a public-house near Battle Bridge, and that he subsequently chanted and performed—George was as good as any play, or as a story-teller in a Moorish coffee-house, at "performing"—the ditty to Charles Dickens, who was so delighted with it that he persuaded George to publish it adorned with copper-plates. But internal evidence would seem to be against the entire authenticity of the artist's version.

Whether George Cruikshank's version is correct or not, all we know is that the book is one of the most delightful he ever had a hand in illustrating. Blanchard Jerrold says—

Lord Bateman was Cruikshank's delight. The exquisite foolery expressed in his plates of this eccentric nobleman, he would act at any moment, in any place, to the end of his life. Mr. Percival Leigh remembers a characteristic scene at the Cheshire Cheese Tavern, in Fleet Street, about 1842 or 1843. This, he says, was in George Cruikshank's pre-testotal period. After dinner came drink and smoke, of course, and George Cruikshank was induced to sing "Billy Taylor," which he did with grotesque expression and action, varied to suit the words. He likewise sang "Lord Bateman" in his shirt sleeves, with his coat flung cloak-wise over his left arm, whilst he paced up and down, disporting himself with a walking-stick, after the manner of the noble lord, as represented in his illustration to the ballad. Six and twenty years afterwards we find the bright-hearted old man still with spirits enough for his favourite part.

Towards the end of 1841, when George had quarrelled with Bentley, he decided to start a periodical on his own account, and persuaded his friend Laman Blanchard to

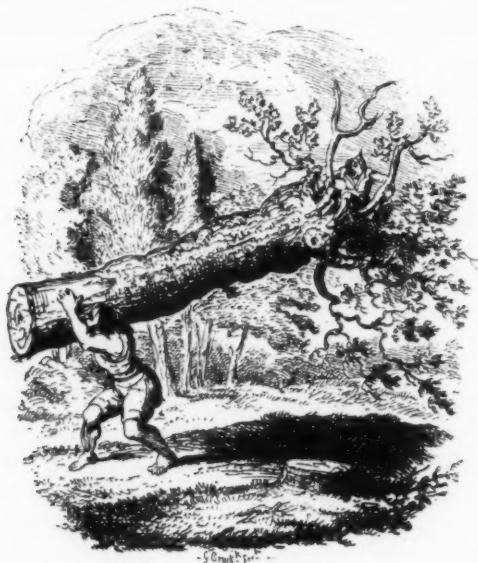
edit it. Although he had the assistance of Thackeray, and other men of note, it did not pay, and only ran twelve months, one reason of its short duration being that Cruikshank had resumed his relations with Ainsworth, and his time was occupied with the illustrations required for *Ainsworth's Magazine*. In the first number there is a very good engraving on steel of George Cruikshank, and an article entitled "My Portrait," written by himself, and very humorous. There are also two woodcuts to illustrate this article, which contain portraits of himself—"Cruikshank entering a Drawing-room," where he depicts himself frightening the company by his abrupt entry and fierce gesticulations; and "Cruikshank and a Cabman," where he is displayed silencing the cabman by the fury of his looks. In the last number is his celebrated etching "Jack o' Lantern," an etching worthy of Rembrandt himself. For this work he supplied nineteen etchings and seventy-nine woodcuts. In 1844 he illustrated *Arthur O'Leary* with ten etchings. This is the only work of Lever's that George made any designs for. I believe Lever was wishful that he should do more, but Cruikshank was too much occupied at the time, and could not accede to his desire. In this year he published *The Bachelor's Own Book*, being the progress of Mr. Lambkin (Gent.) in the pursuit of pleasure and amusement, and also in search of health and happiness. This contains twenty-six designs on fourteen plates, and represents a bachelor who has come into his property going through all manner of dissipating scenes, who eventually reforms and marries the lady of his choice. This, although by no means one of George's best productions, is brimful of very humorous and diverting scenes. In 1845 George again tried his hand at bringing out a periodical, something on the same lines as the *Omnibus*. This was called *George Cruikshank's Table*

Book, and was edited by Gilbert Abbott à Beckett; and although such men as W. M. Thackeray, John Oxenford, Horace Mayhew, Shirley Brooks, Mark Lemon, Gilbert A. à Beckett, Angus B. Reach, &c., were contributors to its pages, it had no better success financially than its predecessor the *Omnibus*, and only lasted twelve months, notwithstanding that some of Cruikshank's very best work is to be found in it. Two of his most notable etchings are in this book—"The Triumph of Cupid," and "The Folly of Crime." The wonderful imagination displayed in "The Triumph of Cupid" is simply astounding. George Cruikshank is shown seated in an easy chair by the fire, smoking a long pipe, a King Charles spaniel perched on his right knee, and a Cupid toasting a heart sitting on his right foot. Out of the smoke from his lips appears a huge procession of all sorts and conditions of men, led by "Cupid," seated in his triumphal car, drawn by lions and tigers. There are also three more portraits of Cruikshank in the lower part of the plate. This plate is without doubt the gem of the book, and a perfect etching both as to design and execution. The "Folly of Crime" is a very powerful etching, and represents a fiend tempting a murderer, who, eager to clutch his prey, tumbles over the precipice. Ten vignettes around this design show the different punishments crime has to undergo. In this work there were twelve etchings and one hundred and twenty-seven woodcuts. In this year Cruikshank illustrated Maxwell's *History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798* with twenty-one etchings, and in so doing demonstrated that he not only possessed the power of making humorous designs, but tragic ones as well. Some of these in their tragic intensity are appalling. Take for instance the "Massacre at Scullabogue," "The Rebels Executing their Prisoners on the Bridge at Wexford," and "The Murder of Lord Kilwarden."

During the next few years Cruikshank illustrated the following works:—In 1846, *The Snow Storm, A Christmas Story, and New Year's Day: A Winter's Tale*, by Mrs. Gore, each with four etchings; in 1847, *The Greatest Plague of Life*, with twelve etchings; *The Good Genius that turned everything into Gold*, with four etchings; *Whom to Marry and How to get Married*, with twelve etchings; in 1848, *The Inundation*, by Mrs. Gore, with four etchings; *The Pentamerone*, or the Story of Stories translated from the Neapolitan, by John Edward Taylor with six etchings, which certainly take rank amongst the best of his fairy illustrations; in 1849, *The Magic of Kindness*, with four etchings, delightful specimens of Cruikshank's needle; *Clement Lorimer, or the Book with the Iron Clasps*, by Angus B. Reach, with twelve etchings, the best of which is the first in the book, where Michael Benosa brings his father the Book with the Iron Clasps, which contains the account of the feud between the houses of Benosa and Vanderstein; in 1850, *Frank Fairlegh*, by Smedley, with thirty etchings—these illustrations, I think, count amongst Cruikshank's failures, the subjects not being congenial, especially the young ladies, who are depicted as looking from forty to fifty years old, instead of eighteen, and, like the bulk of George's ladies, they are by no means good looking—*The Toothache*, Imagined by Horace Mayhew, and Realized by George Cruikshank, forty-three episodes represented on twenty-three plates, and two etched designs on wrapper.

In 1851, *The Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys and Family*, who came up to London to enjoy themselves, and to see the Great Exhibition, by Henry Mayhew, with ten etchings and one woodcut. This contains one etching very interesting to Manchester people. George made a design entitled "London in 1851," showing Piccadilly

Circus, looking up Piccadilly, frightfully full of carriages, omnibuses, foot passengers, &c., going to the Great Exhibition; and, as a contrast to this, "Manchester in 1851," a view of Market Street, with all the shops shut, and placards with notices that the owners have gone to London. Only one man is visible, and he is a policeman, sitting on a doorstep smoking and reading an account of the Great Exhi-



bition. It is a very good view of the top end of Market Street, and, as it shows buildings which are now things of the past, it is historically a valuable one. In 1852 he illustrated *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with twenty-seven woodcuts.

Let us now retrace our steps, and go back to the year 1847, when he produced "The Bottle." This is a series of designs in eight plates, done in glyphography, and shows

(1) How the bottle is brought out for the first time, and the husband induces his wife just to take a drop. (2) He is discharged from his employment for drunkenness. They pawn their clothes to supply the bottle. (3) An execution sweeps off the greater part of their furniture. They comfort themselves with the bottle. (4) Unable to obtain employment, they are driven by poverty into the streets to beg, and by this means they still supply the bottle. (5) Cold, misery, and want destroy their youngest child. They console themselves with the bottle. (6) Fearful quarrels and brutal violence are the natural consequences of the frequent use of the bottle. (7) The husband, in a state of furious drunkenness, kills his wife with the instrument of all their misery. (8) The bottle has done its work. It has destroyed the infant and the mother; it has brought the son and the daughter to vice and to the streets, and has left the father a hopeless maniac. These designs are roughly drawn and roughly executed, yet, like all Cruikshank's work, they tell their tale and strike home. This work was a great success financially, as tens of thousands were quickly sold, and induced him to bring out a sequel, entitled "The Drunkard's Children," with eight plates done by glyphography. These plates show how the boy and girl, neglected by their parents, take to evil courses. The boy commits a robbery, is sentenced to transportation for life, and droops and dies in prison. The girl goes on the town, and eventually commits suicide by throwing herself off a bridge into the river. When George produced "The Bottle" he was not a teetotaler, and in his early days was quite the reverse. He was born and bred in an atmosphere of drink, his father being a very heavy whiskey drinker, and it was considered in those days very namby-pamby not to be able to take your share of the bottle, which there is no doubt George did. For a few years previous

to the production of the above-named work he had been wavering, and could not make up his mind to join the band of teetotalers.

Cruikshank used to relate how—

When his "Bottle" was finished, and he was anxious to secure for it the widest possible publicity, he carried the plates to Mr. William Cash, then Chairman of the National Temperance Society, for his approval, and the support of his powerful Association. Mr. Cash, having attentively examined them, turned upon the artist, and asked him how he himself could ever have anything to do with using "the Bottle," which by his own showing was the means of such dreadful evil? Cruikshank, in his own forcible way, described how he was "completely staggered" by this point-blank question. He said when he had left Mr. Cash he could not rid himself of the impression that had been made upon him. After a struggle he did not get rid of it, but acted upon it, by resolving to give his example as well as his art to the total abstainers.

George was an enthusiast in anything he undertook, and did not do things by halves. He gave up smoking as well as drinking, and became as bitter an opponent of the weed as of "the Bottle." For the last thirty years of his life he devoted all his energies to the cause of temperance, not only lecturing but using his pencil, etching needle, and also the brush in the cause. It did not for the first few years seriously affect the amount of work he turned out, the books previously named as being illustrated by him during the years 1847-52 testifying to the fact. But after 1852 the number of important works entrusted to his care to illustrate is very limited, the main reason being that everything he touched he was desirous of using as a means to preach temperance; and as all authors did not want their matter converted into teetotalism, they looked somewhere else for an illustrator. George even pressed into the service the friends of our youth, "Hop o' my Thumb," "Jack and the Bean Stalk," and "Cinderella," in the year 1853, and in so doing brought forth an article in *Household Words*, entitled, "Frauds on the Fairies," by Charles Dickens, in which he ridiculed the idea of making them



THE POINT OF HONOUR

From "Points of Humour."

the means of propagating the doctrines of total abstinence and prohibition of the sale of spirituous liquors. This article was the means of estranging Cruikshank and Dickens. There is no doubt that Cruikshank felt it very keenly, as it drove him from the realms of fairyland; and when later on in the same year he brought out a new periodical called *Cruikshank's Magazine*, which only lasted two numbers, he penned an answer called "A Reply from Hop-o'-my-Thumb to Charles Dickens, Esq., upon Frauds on the Fairies, Whole Hogs," &c., in which he defends his position, but although there is no doubt he was thoroughly earnest, and did it with good intentions, it was nothing but a crotchet, which, as Dickens explains in his "Frauds," would not do. It was a great pity, as these fairy books contain some of the most delightful illustrations he has left behind him, and had it not been for his teetotal craze, we should in all probability have had all the old fairy stories treated in a similar manner. In *Cruikshank's Magazine* there was one noteworthy etching, "Passing Events; or, The Court of 1853," a large plate, showing all the events of the year.

The next noteworthy book he illustrated was *The Life of Sir John Falstaff*, by Robert Brough, in 1858. The twenty etchings are Cruikshank's last important creation, although for twenty years afterwards he kept turning out designs. The first in the book, a "Portrait of Falstaff," is very fine; as are also "Sir John Falstaff and the Fairies at Herne's Oak;" and "The Last Scene in the Life of Sir John Falstaff," where he is depicted on his death bed. In 1864 he brought out another volume of his Fairy Library, *Puss in Boots*, which shows that his hand was still capable of producing charming designs, when the subject was to his taste. In 1868 he made a very ingenious design—"Fairy Connoisseurs Inspecting Mr. Frederick Locker's

Collection of Drawings, &c." This design was used as a frontispiece to *A Descriptive Catalogue of the Works of George Cruikshank, &c.*, by George William Reid, keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum, which enumerates about five thousand different designs, and is a monument of patience and labour. It is said that Mr. Edwin Truman, of Burlington Street, London, possesses over seven thousand; so the exact number George has left behind it is very difficult to compute. The last design he made is a frontispiece to Mrs. Octavian Blewitt's *The Rose and the Lily*, signed "Designed and etched by George Cruikshank, age 83, 1875."

After the success of the "Bottle," he determined to execute a great picture that should remain behind him as a monument of his genius and as a temperance lesson; and to prepare himself for it he decided, although over sixty years of age, to enter as a student at the Royal Academy. Mr. Charles Landseer says, "He entered as student at the Royal Academy during my keepership, April 22nd, 1853, but made very few drawings in the antique, and never got into the life. He was placed upon the Turner Fund in 1866, £50 per annum." This is a brief record of Cruikshank's relations with the Academy. He had not the patience requisite to stay there long; he was anxious to set to work in earnest, and had to be content with the knowledge which had sufficed for him hitherto. I understand he always had the idea he had mistaken his vocation, and that nature intended him for a great historical painter; but when he commenced to paint in oils, others found out, whether he did or not, that he was a failure in that direction. Some of his water colours are admirable, but even they are not to be compared with his etchings, which may fairly challenge comparison with anyone's. His knowledge of the technicalities of etching was perfect,

knowing just what it would do, and what he could do. As to his oils, they betrayed at once a hand unpractised with the brush, and an eye not accustomed to colour. Some of his early oils are reproductions on a larger scale of subjects he had already used as etchings. "Tam O'Shanter," "The Fairy Ring," "Grimaldi the Clown shaved by a Girl," "Titania and Bottom the Weaver," "The Runaway Knock," "Cinderella," "Dressing for the Day," "A New Situation," and "Disturbing the Congregation" were exhibited at the Royal Academy or at the British Institution, and some of them brought fancy prices. "The Fairy Ring," one of the best of his oil paintings, was a commission given by Mr. Henry Miller, of Preston, the price being £800. "Disturbing the Congregation" was bought by Prince Albert, who was one of Cruikshank's warmest admirers. Later on he painted his monumental work, "The Worship of Bacchus," with which he expected not only to reap glory, but to make his fortune. It occupied him a year and half, and measured 13ft. 4in. by 7ft. 8in. It has been engraved, in which all the figures have been outlined by Cruikshank and finished by Charles Mottram. Speaking of this picture, Sala says :

Looking at the amount of sheer labour in the picture, the well-nigh incredible multiplicity of figures, and the extreme care with which the minutest details have been delineated by a hand following the eye of a man past three-score years and ten, the "Worship of Bacchus" must be regarded as a phenomenon. Its pictorial merit is slight, but it possesses and commands interest of a very different nature from that excited by a mere picture, when we remember the painter's purpose and the tremendous moral lesson he sought to teach. It is an eloquent protest against the drinking customs of society, and a no less eloquent and terribly ghastly exposition of the evils wrought on that same society by the vice of drunkenness. It is, we trust, no disrespect to the memory of the excellent old man now gone to his reward to say that on the question of teetotalism he was a fanatic.

The picture was carried, on 28th April, 1863, by command to Windsor Castle, for the inspection of the Queen ; but even the kindness of her Majesty failed to draw the

crowds Cruikshank had expected. It was first shown along with a collection of Cruikshank's sketches and designs in Wellington Street, and afterwards in Exeter Hall. Eventually the picture was purchased by a Committee of Subscribers and presented to the nation, and is now at South Kensington. The collection of sketches and designs, the earliest of which was done in 1799, when George was seven years old, is now at the Westminster Aquarium.



I have now described, as well as it is possible for me to do in the limits of a short article, the work of George Cruikshank from 1821 till his death. I have by no means enumerated all he executed, nor have I said much about him personally. To do so would take three or four volumes at least. It is to be hoped that his Autobiography will not be long in making its appearance. George was an

extremely interesting man; he came into contact with a large proportion of the best literary men of his time, and a host of others of all grades in society, and his autobiography would be very good reading I am sure. It is a pity that it has been so long delayed.

I must just enter into another matter before I conclude. George had a knack of fancying, when he was illustrating books, that he was not only the designer but the creator of the story as well. He laid claim to being the originator of *Oliver Twist*, after Dickens was dead, and drew forth from John Forster an angry letter about it. He also laid claim to creating *The Tower of London*, *Miser's Daughter*, and *Old St. Paul's*, by Harrison Ainsworth, and wrote a letter to the *Times*, April 8, 1872, about them, to which Ainsworth replied by saying, "I disdain to reply to Mr. Cruikshank's preposterous assertions, except to give them, as before, a flat contradiction." Cruikshank printed a pamphlet of sixteen pages, in which he tried to show how Ainsworth was under a delusion with respect to the origin of the *Miser's Daughter*, &c., but as we have only his version before us, we cannot decide anything definite in the matter. I may say there were others besides Dickens and Ainsworth whose works he claimed as his own, so that most likely it was a fantasy of George's brain.

George was a hale and hearty man to the finish of his life, and I think there is no doubt that his abstention from alcoholic liquors and from smoking helped to renew his youth. He was fond of showing his vigour at every opportunity. It enabled him in his old age to capture a burglar on his own premises. The story runs, that when he was following the burglar to the station with the police, he drew him under a lamp, and told him that he could see drink had brought him to this, adding that he himself drank nothing but water. "I wish I'd ha' known that," said the ruffian, "I'd ha' broken your head for you." Cruikshank

delighted to show an audience how he could hold a tumbler full of water steady on the palm of his outstretched hand. At eighty he was seen in costume at a fancy dress ball at Willis's Rooms, joining heartily in the dance, and letting everybody know that it was "water that did it."

Although he was one of the best-natured men that ever breathed, owing to his impulsiveness and his crotchets, he was always quarrelling, even with his best friends. He was never rich, and was not paid highly for his work, even in his best days. In his latter days, owing to the kindness of some of his admirers, who raised subscriptions to buy some of his works, he was free from monetary cares. He also received a pension of £95 from the Crown, and £50 from the Royal Academy.

He celebrated his silver wedding (with his second wife) on the 8th of March, 1875. Mr. Walter Hamilton, who was present, says: "To receive the congratulations of so many friends was a task which would have fatigued and excited many a younger man than Mr. Cruikshank, but he preserved his self-possession through it well, having a ready jest and a smile for each and all, whilst Mrs. Cruikshank, who was fairly hedged in on every side with bouquets, looked far too young to be one of the principals in such a ceremony. A guard of honour from his old corps attended to congratulate their late colonel. It was late in the afternoon before Mr. Cruikshank withdrew for a few moments from the crowded rooms, and as he went he whispered laughingly to the author, 'You are down on our list of visitors for the golden wedding.'"

This was not to be. George fell ill in January, 1878, and on the 1st of February the brave old man passed to his rest. He was buried temporarily on the 9th at Kensal Green Cemetery, and on the 29th of the following November his remains were conveyed to the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, to its final resting place.



BERBER FOLK-TALES.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THE interior of North Africa, from the Nile to the Atlantic, is the land of the Berbers, whose inheritance includes the vast desert of the Sahara. The varied Berber tribes of to-day are the representatives and descendants, with whatever foreign admixture, of the ancient Libyan people, the Gætuli, Mauri, and Numidæ of the classical world. Professor Newman has endeavoured, and not without success, to reconstruct the Libyan vocabulary by eliminating from the Berber dialects of the present those words that are known to come from other sources. The Berber races include the Amazirgh, the Shellahs of the Northern Atlas, the Kabyles, and the Tuarick tribes of the Western Desert. The Tibboos of the Eastern Desert, notwithstanding some physical differences, are also regarded as Berbers. They number altogether probably between three and four millions, and form an important portion of the Empire of Morocco.

M. René Basset has printed in the *Bulletin de Correspondance Africaine*, 1885, a series of texts illustrative of Berber philology, and these include a number of popular stories, apologues, and fables. Since the first appearance of these texts in the *Correspondance Africaine*, and since this article was in type, they have been reproduced in *Contes Populaires Berberes* (Paris: Leroux, 1887), a little volume which may be commended to the lovers of

folk-lore. It includes an excellent bibliography of Berber stories. Such tales form the staple of the unwritten literature of all lands. These Berber fictions are not unworthy of attention, for although they have no poetical merit, and are sometimes confused and sometimes so bald as to be almost unintelligible, they present very curious analogies with the popular stories of other countries.

THE WOMAN, THE KING, AND THE SERPENT.

A woman had four sons. When they had grown up, they went away to thieve. A dragon came towards them, found them asleep, and killed two of them. When the others wakened, they rose and found their brothers dead.

"Lord God!" said they, "what is this adventure? what shall we do?"

The serpent came up, when they seized him, put him in a game bag, carried him to their mother, and said to her—

"Mother, this serpent has killed our brothers. Let us go at once to the king; he will decide if it shall be killed, or if it shall be set free."

When they carried it to the king, he took it. The mother began to complain, and said—

"O King! the law orders that thou should not let it live. Since it killed my children, thou shalt kill it."

The king said to her—"Let us first ascertain if thy sons have not committed some wrong against it."

Then the serpent raised itself by the power of God, and spoke, holding back its head.

They said to it, "Speak! why has thou killed these children?"

It replied, "They were the cause of my wife's death, and I have killed them in turn."

Then the woman complained and said, "I shall kill it."

The king replied, "Go on, then!" and released the serpent.

Then the woman went into her house, took some poison, and gave it to the negress, saying to her—

"Negress, throw this in the food. Let God provide the remedy."

The negress threw the poison into the jar, and mingled it with the supper. They took it and carried it to the

king. When he had eaten of it he fell ill, and said, "Bring hither that woman. Some one has poisoned me. It is she." He thereupon died.

The woman of the king came with the poisoner, and vanquished her, saying—

"Since my husband, the king, is dead, thou shalt die also."

So they carried her forth that she might perish.

THE CROW.

A crow left a son. A falcon found it, little and without feathers, and gave it food. When the little crow was fully grown, the falcon said to it: "The Lord made us to work for our living. At present it is an obligation for the world."

There is an Arab superstition that the crows abandon their young ones as soon as they are out of the egg, but that God sends them little flies for food until their feathers have grown.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A fox had passed the night in seeking for food without being able to find any. As the day broke he was on the point of dying for hunger. He stretched himself on the ground, saying, "Lord, bring me something to eat. I shall die of famine this day!" He had scarcely finished speaking when a crow flew above him. He closed his eyes, held his breath, and acted as if he was dead. When the crow saw him extended on the earth it believed that he was dead, and flew down intending to strike the fox's head with its beak; but the fox seized the crow by its head, ate it, and satisfied himself with its flesh, leaving nothing of it but its feathers.

The subtle devices of sly Reynard have been a favourite topic with story-tellers of all nations, and this incident has been narrated in a dozen languages.

THE PANTHER AND THE OX.

One day a panther wished to eat an ox, but he did not know how to manage it. He went to the ox in order to take him, and devised a trick by which he might seize and

eat him. He said: "I have cut the throat of a fat sheep, and I wish that you should sup with me this day."

The ox accepted the invitation. When he came to the panther he found a good deal of wood and a large jar. He turned back and fled to save his life. The panther said to him: "Why have you come here and turned away again?"

The ox replied: "Because I found that this was much too large for a sheep."

THE GAZELLE.

One day a gazelle was ill and its friends came to visit it. They eat that which was dry and that which was green, before and behind it. When it arose from its illness it began to seek for what was to eat, but found nothing, and died of hunger.

These two fables form part of the collection which passes under the name of Lokman. There are numerous versions.

THE DECREES OF FATE.

Our Lord Solomon was talking one day with the genii. He said to them: "There is born at this moment a girl at Djbarsa, and a boy at Djberka." He added: "The boy and the girl will meet each other in marriage."

The griffin said to the genii: "In spite of the will of the divine power, I will not let them be united."

The son of the king of Djberka set out to travel. When he arrived at Solomon's palace he was struck by illness. The griffin carried away the daughter of the king of Djbarsa, and placed her upon a fig tree on the borders of the sea. The wind blew thither the son of the king, who was in a boat. He said to his companions: "Let me disembark." On disembarking he went to the fig tree and slept beneath it. The young girl threw leaves at him. He opened his eyes and she said to him: "Except for the griffin, I am alone with my mother. Whence comest thou?"

He replied, "From Djberka."

"Why has not the Lord created other human beings beside me, my mother, and our Lord Solomon?" she asked.

He replied, "God has created all kinds of men and of all countries."

"Go," said she, "bring a horse whose throat thou shalt cut. Bring also camphor until the skin of the horse shall be dried. Thou shalt hang the hide to the mast of the boat."

The griffin came back, and she wept before him and said, "Why don't you take me to our Lord Solomon?"

"To-morrow I will take thee," he replied.

She said to the son of the king, "Go and conceal thyself within the inside of the horse."

He concealed himself.

The griffin carried him concealed in the body of the horse, and the young girl departed. When they came to our Lord Solomon, he said, "Did I not say that the young woman and the young man would encounter each other?"

The griffin was covered with shame and straightway fled to a desert island in the sea.

To understand the full import of this fantastic story, it must be remembered that the two Kingdoms named are the Mohammedan equivalents for the eastern and western ends of the earth. Each incident will be familiar to readers of popular fictions as occurring in other narratives, and the whole is a striking commentary upon the well-worn text that Love will find out a way.

THE MARVELLOUS BIRD.

Once upon a time there was a man who had nothing. He gathered sticks. He found a bird which he put in a cage. His child found there next morning a ruby, which the father sold. Each day he sold one. When he was rich he went on a pilgrimage to the East, leaving two children and his wife behind. The wife took each day a ruby to a Jew. This one said to her, "Kill the bird, and bring a frying-pan."

The woman replied, "Go, you will eat it."

Her children, on coming back from the mosque, found in the frying-pan the head and the heart of the bird. They took them and ate them. One ate the head, and the other the heart. The woman beat the children and said to them, "Why have you eaten the head and the heart of this bird?" So they ran away in anger.

The Jew came to the woman and said to her, "What

use is this?" So he went away. The children left the country; and their mother became a Jewess, and married the Jew. Her children on their journey came near a tank full of water. One of them said to his brother, "Let us separate." So they went different ways.

It happened that the king of the country died after having said, "Take the man whom you find sleeping at the gateway of the city. He shall be king." The child became king. Three pigeons came to him. He said to them, "Who are you?" They came nearer. He then said, "Fly." They flew to the west and went off. The female bird followed the male bird.

The father of the children came back from the East. He found his house belonging to a Jew, and that his wife had become a Jewess.

She said to her first husband, "I am no longer a Mohammedan."

He replied, "In the name of God let us go before the king for justice." So they went.

When the man came near his son, who was king, he said to him:

"Thou art my son. Thy mother has become a Jewess."

"In God's name let us examine how," said the king. "Judge her that she dies," said he. So he condemned her to the fire and the Arabs came and burnt her.

Of this story there are versions current in Germany and Italy. It is known to the Egyptian Arabs, to the Mongols, and in India. We may suppose that as a Buddhist story it passed from Hindostan to Turkestan, and then by the agency of the Mongols and the Slavs to Europe, whilst by another route, through Persia, it may have reached the Arabs and the Berbers.

THE MAGIC NAPKIN.

There was a Taleb or Scholar who made a proclamation and said, "Is there a man who will sell himself for a hundred mitkal?" An individual sold himself and went to the *cadi* and sealed the agreement. The man took the hundred mitkal, gave them to his mother, and departed with the Taleb. They went to a place, where the Taleb began to read magic formulas. The earth opened; the

man entered. The other one said, "Bring me the lamp, the chandelier, the reed and the box." He took the box, which he kept in his pocket in coming out.

"Where is the box?" asked the Taleb.

"I did not find it," answered the man.

"In God's name, let us go!"

He took him into the mountain, threw at him a stone, and departed. The man remained three days unconscious. When he came to himself he carried away the stone, went back to his own country, and bought a house. He opened the box and found in the middle of it a silk napkin. He opened the napkin and there found seven folds. He unfastened one, when genii surrounded the room, and a young girl began to dance until the day broke. The man rested there all the day until night came. The king went out that night and heard the noise of dancing. He knocked at the door of the man's house. He entered with his vizier, who accompanied him. He was pleased, and when the day arose he went back to his own house. A horseman was sent to the man, and came and said to him for the king, "Give me the box which you have, in order that I may divert myself, and I will give you my daughter." The man sent the box to him and obtained the Sultan's daughter in marriage. When the Sultan died the man succeeded him on the throne.

The story of the magic napkin, naïve and incomplete as it is, might serve as a text for a lengthy commentary as to the beliefs of the oriental world in respect to magic and magicians.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

A man had a fat sheep which his neighbours wished to eat. They said to him:

"Neighbour, to-morrow will be the day of judgment. Let us go to the garden and kill and eat the sheep, for we shall all die together."

He believed them and went with them. They killed the sheep and ate it. When it was mid-day the heat began to make itself felt. They put off their clothes and entered the water. The master of the sheep did not enter, but took their clothes and burnt them. When they came back from the bath, not finding their clothes, they asked the man where he had put them.

The man replied : " My friends, to-morrow is the day of judgment, you will have no need of clothes."

Nasr Eddin Khodja, who may be regarded as the Oriental Joe Miller, is credited with the authorship of this jest. There are some Arab versions of this joke, which is doubtless one of great antiquity, and ought now to be relieved from further service.

THE FOUR SONS OF THE KING.

Once upon a time a king reigned over the Maghreb. He had four sons. He went away with his wife and his children to the East. They embarked on a ship, but their vessel was wrecked. The waves carried each of them away separately. One carried the wife, another the father alone in the middle of the sea to an island. He found there a mine of silver, from which he took a great quantity and established himself in that country. People often heard speak of him, and learnt that he lived in the middle of the sea. They built houses, however, until there was a great town, and he became king of the country. Whenever any poor person came to him he gave them pieces of money. A poor man married his daughter. As to his sons, each of them was occupied in study in a different country. They all became wise, and feared God. The king caused a search to be made for T'olbas who feared the Lord, and the first of his sons was recommended to him. He searched also for some one as a Khodja, and the second son was mentioned. The king sent for him, and he came. The prince particularly desired an Adel, for which another son was recommended. He sent for him, and the Taleb came to his house, as well as the Imam, who was the fourth brother. They came to their father's house without knowing him and without being known by him. The wife and he who had married her came also to the king with a complaint. When they arrived the woman went alone that night into the house. The prince caused the four T'olbas to be sent for to stay with him until the morning. During the night he played the spy in order to know them. One of them said :

" Since sleep does not come, let each of us tell who he is."

One said : " My father was a king. He had much silver and four sons, of whom the names were the same as yours."

Another said: "My father was a king, and it happened to us as it happened to thee."

Another said: "My father was also a king, and we had the same fortune as you."

The fourth said: "My father also was a king. It happened to us as it happened to you. You are my brothers."

Their mother heard them and wept until the morning. They brought her to the prince, who said:

"Why do you weep?"

She replied: "I was formerly the wife of a king. We had four sons. We went on board ship, him, our children, and me. The vessel was shipwrecked with us. Each of us went alone until yesterday. They have spoken before me during the night, and have mentioned that which happened to them, to their father, and to their mother."

The king said: "Let me know what it was that happened to you."

So the young men told him. Then the prince arose weeping, and said: "You are my sons," and to his wife, "You are my wife."

God re-united them.

This is probably a Berber loan from one of the recensions of the *Arabian Nights*. The story is conjectured to be of Israelitish origin, as there are Hebrew analogues of it.

THE FAIRY AND THE WOMAN.

One night she was in her house when a fairy came to her and said: "Give me some henna and some perfume. I will be thy friend. I am upon the point of lying in. When it is over I will send to thee my black son."

When she lay in she sent to the woman's house her son under the form of a cat. It came by night to the woman's house, who said at once: "This is the son of the fairy." She rose. The cat went away, and she followed it until she came to her friend the fairy, whom she found giving birth to a black daughter. The fairy gave her money, and she returned to her house.

There are similar stories current in France, Norway, and Scotland, of the gratitude of the wee folk to those mortals who act as midwife or godmother to the fairy children.

THE BURIED GIRLS AND THE BURIED TREASURE
AT FOS.

There was a man who had a great deal of money and two daughters. The son of the *kalifah* saw one, and the son of the *cadi* the other; but the father did not want to marry his daughters, although the girls were willing. He had a garden near his house. When it came night the girls went out into the garden, and there the young men went also, and they remained entertaining each other. One night the father saw them. In the morning he cut the throats of both of his daughters in the garden and buried them in the middle of it, and afterwards went on a pilgrimage. This lasteth until one night when the son of the *cadi* and the son of the *calipha* said to a man who knew how to play the lute and the *nebub*, "Come with us into the garden of the man who would not give us his daughters in marriage, and thou shalt play there for us upon these musical instruments."

They agreed, and met that same night. The lute-player went to the garden, but the two young men did not come. The lute-player remained there playing alone. In the middle of the night there appeared two lamps under which two young girls came forth from the earth. They said to him:—

"We are two sisters, the daughters of the master of this garden. Our father cut our throats and buried us here. Thou art our brother this night, and we will give thee the money that our father has buried in three jars. Dig here."

So he dug and found the three jars, carried them off, and became rich; and the young girls returned to their graves.

There is another and a longer version of this story in the Arabic language. In this fuller narrative the man is described as a native of Fos, but the incident is said to have happened at Algiers. According to the Arabic story, a man had three daughters who were beloved by the son of the pacha, the son of the agha, and the son of the public crier. The father killed his three daughters, and set out on a pilgrimage. The house was deserted, but two young men made an appointment there with a musician. The

guitar-player alone had the courage to be at the place at the midnight hour agreed upon. The three girls appeared, and after dancing they threw to him orange peel, which in the morning changed into gold, diamonds, and pearls. A year later he went again to the haunted house, and when the young women appeared he burned the shrouds of the damsels, who thereupon came to life again. The youngest of them became the wife of the guitar-player.

SOLOMON AND THE DRAGON.

They say that once upon a time a dragon came down from a river source. It had children. One day these came to the opening of the cave in order to play. The town's children came up and struck, beat, and killed them all four. When the father knew of this he was in a great rage, and threw poison into the water. All the people of the town who drank of it died of the poison. The survivors complained to Solomon, and he took pity upon them. He went with them, cut the throat of a cock, took its head, and planted it upon his own, and went to the home of the dragon, to whom he gave an assurance that no evil should happen to him, in these terms: "There shall be nothing more upon thy head" (an idiomatic phrase meaning "Thou hast nothing to fear") "than there is upon mine." The dragon believed Solomon, placed his head upon the pommel of the saddle in front of Solomon, who then went back, dragging it after him. The dragon thus came out of his hole, and when he had arrived in the *metiji*, the king killed him. He threw himself upon the tail of Solomon's horse and cut it close. The king afterwards retired rapidly to H'amman Rirha, where he ordered the spirits to warm the water and wash the blood of the dragon which had run upon him.

The legend of the manner in which the Wise King deceived the dragon to its destruction is one of the Kabyle traditions of the Beni Menaaser. It is one of a long series of curious traditions as to the relations of the gigantic serpents with mankind. H'amman Rirha owes its name to a belief that it is the locality of the Baths of Solomon,

which were kept continually heated by deaf-mute genii. The same story applies to Hammam Meshkentine and to another place near Mascara.

THE FOWL AND THE DOG.

IN a bygone age there was a man who had two wives, one of whom was intelligent and the other stupid. They had as joint property a fowl. One day they disputed upon this subject, and they divided the bird, each one taking half. The stupid woman cooked her part; the wise one allowed her half to live, although it walked upon one leg, and had only one wing. Some days passed thus. Then Split-Fowl said to his mistress, "Get ready provisions for me, for I must go on a pilgrimage." So she gave him what was necessary for his journey. Split-Fowl rose early in the morning, and began his pilgrimage. By the middle of the day he was tired, and went down towards a brook in order to rest himself. Whilst there he saw a jackal come to drink. Split-Fowl jumped upon his back and stole from him a hair, which he concealed under his wing, and again went on his journey. He walked until evening, and then stopped under a tree in order to pass the night. He had not yet gone to sleep when he saw a lion pass near the tree where he was resting. As soon as he saw the lion he jumped upon his back and took from it a hair, which he put with that of the jackal. The next morning he got up very early and went on his way. He came, by and bye, to the middle of a forest, where he met a wild boar, and said to him, "Give me a hair from your back, as I have made the king of animals and the cleverest of animals, the lion and the jackal, do already."

The wild boar replied, "Since these two important animals have given a hair to thee, I will also do what thou askest."

He plucked a hair from his back and gave it to Split-Fowl. This one went on his way, and came to the palace of a king. He began to sing and to say—

"To-morrow the king will die, and I shall take his wife."

On hearing these words the king gave to his negroes the order to seize Split-Fowl, and to throw him into the middle of the fold for sheep and goats, in order that he might be trodden under foot, and killed by them, for the king was

determined to put an end to Split-Fowl's song. The negroes took the cock and threw him in the fold, there to perish. When he reached the ground Split-Fowl took from under his wing the hair of the jackal, and burnt it in the fire. As soon as it touched the fire, the jackal arrived and said—

"Why do you burn my hair? As soon as I smelt it I came running to you."

Split-Fowl replied, "See my position! Extricate me from it."

"That is an easy thing," said the jackal, and soon he howled to call his brethren. They were soon around him, and he gave them this order—"My brothers, save Split-Fowl for me, for he has put a hair of mine into the fire. I do not wish to burn. Take him from this fold of the king's beasts, and you will take my hair from his hand."

So the jackals ran to the fold, strangled all whom they saw there, and delivered Split-Fowl.

In the morning the king found his fold deserted and his animals dead. He looked for Split-Fowl, but in vain. This one at supper time began to sing as on the first occasion. The king called his negroes, and said to them—

"Seize it and throw it in the shippon, in order that the oxen may crush it beneath their feet."

The negroes took Split-Fowl and threw him in the middle of the shippon. As soon as he reached the ground, he took the lion's hair and put it in the fire. The lion came up roaring, and cried out—

"Why do you burn my skin? I felt even in my cave the smell of burning hair, and I have run hither to know the reason of your conduct."

Split-Fowl replied, "You see my situation; extricate me from it."

The lion went out and roared, to call his brethren. These arrived in great haste, and said, "What are you calling us for?"

"Extricate Split-Fowl from the shippon, for he has one of my hairs which he has put into the fire. If you do not deliver him he will burn it up, and I do not wish to perceive the smell of my burnt hair whilst I am living."

His brethren obeyed him, and straightway killed all the oxen in the shippon.

In the morning the king saw that his beasts were all dead, and he flew into such a rage that it almost suffocated him.

He looked about for Split-Fowl, in order to kill him with his own hand. He looked for a long time without finding him, and went back to his house in order to rest. As the sun was setting Split-Fowl came to his usual place, and sang as before. The king called his negroes, and said to them—

"This time place him in the house, and keep the door of it fast until morning. I will kill him myself."

The negroes seized Split-Fowl accordingly, and placed him in the treasure room of the palace. When he reached the room he saw gold under his feet. He waited until there was nothing to fear from the masters of the house, who were all asleep, and took from under his wing the hair of the wild boar, lighted a fire and placed the hair in it. Soon the wild boar arrived running, making the earth tremble. He struck his head against the wall, part of which fell down, so that the boar reached Split-Fowl. He asked, "Why do you burn my hair at this moment?"

"Pray pardon me," replied Split-Fowl, "but you see the situation in which I am, without reckoning what is waiting for me to-morrow, for the king wants to kill me with his own hand if you do not take me from these precincts."

The wild boar replied, "The thing is easy enough. I will open the gate for you to go out. In truth, you have stopped here long enough. Get up, take a sufficient quantity of money for you and your children."

Split-Fowl obeyed, and rolled himself in the gold, carrying away all of it that stuck to his wings and his legs and swallowing so much of it that he was quite full. He then journeyed back by the same way that he had come on the first day. When he arrived at the house, he called his mistress, and said to her—

"Prepare a mat and rods."

"What for?" asked his mistress.

Split-Fowl replied, "I am going under the mat. You must beat me with the rods, and what falls will be for you."

The wise woman did as he told her and then called to him. Split-Fowl ran in quickly and entered the mat and said—

"Now strike! Do not be afraid of killing me!"

His mistress began to strike until Split-Fowl called from beneath the mat, "That is enough for the present! Now roll over the mat."

She obeyed, and saw the ground all shining with gold.

At the time when Split-Fowl came back from his pilgrimage the two women possessed in common a dog. The stupid one, seeing that her companion had received a good deal of money, said: "Now let us divide this dog!" The intelligent woman replied: "We cannot make anything of it. Let it live. I will give you the half of it that belongs to me. Keep it for yourself."

The stupid woman said to the dog: "Go in pilgrimage like Split-Fowl and bring me some gold."

The dog arose to obey its mistress, began its journey in the morning, and speedily reached a fountain. As it was thirsty, it wished to drink. When it lowered its head to do so, it saw in the middle of the fountain a yellow stone. It took it up in its mouth, and ran back to its mistress. When it reached the house it called to its mistress, saying—

"Make ready rods and mats, for I am come back from my pilgrimage!"

The stupid woman prepared the mats, under which the dog ran, when it heard the voice of its mistress, and said to her, "Strike with moderation."

The woman seized the rods, and struck with all her strength. The dog cried for a long time for her to stop, but the woman refused until the animal was stark and stiff. She raised the mats, and found the dog dead, with the yellow stone in its mouth.

Variants of the story of Split-Fowl, bizarre as it is, are popular in various districts of France. There are several Slavonic versions. An Albanian version has been published.

THE THREE THIEVES.

There were three robbers. They stopped a man, killed him, and took his money. They sent one of their number in search of good cheer, and in his absence, agreed to kill him. Whilst he was on the way he said to himself: "I will put poison in the jar." When he returned, the two others murdered him. He died the first, but they quickly succumbed, and the money rested without a master.

This unvarnished tale is one of the most famous in the long series of popular fictions. In the *Mostatref* the inci-

dent is narrated in connection with the name of Jesus. It appears in the *Cento Novelle Antiche* and in the *Libro di Novelle*. Hans Sachs has made it the subject of a *meisterlied* and a *spiel*. There is an Italian miracle play on this *motif*. There is a Portuguese version. It is found in French literature in the fifteenth century. It forms the plot of one of Morlini's *novelle*. Chaucer made of it his beautiful "Pardner's Tale." In two editions, though not in the common one, of the *Arabian Nights*, there are different versions. There is a Persian poem by Farida'-d-Din 'Attar, who died in 1229. The story is told in Kashmir and in Tibet. Further back we find this impressive apologue as one of the *Jatakas*, or Buddhist Birth-stories. Whence did the Buddhist borrow it? Did it spring from the brain of Gautama or Ananda, or was it taken by a missionary of the new faith from some still older treasure-house of ethical fiction? Of all these versions that of Chaucer seems the most satisfactory from an artistic point of view, but even in its most illiterate form the story is one of striking beauty. It has a high ethical quality, and is one of those touches of Nature that makes the whole world kin. To what different minds it has appealed—from the Buddhist missionary to the English poet, and from the Italian preacher to the savage Berber; and to each, according to their several powers of assimilation, it has taught the same great lesson of the permanence and eternal jurisdiction of the moral law.





SWITZERLAND IN MAY.

BY C. E. TYRER.

GLION! How sweet the name, and how much sweeter when a poet—the sweetest to my ear, if also the saddest, of our modern singers—has used it and made it his own! It was to Glion, more, perhaps, than to any other spot, that I promised myself a pilgrimage, when I went to Switzerland in the May of last year; towards Glion that my eyes were turned when the railway train in which I travelled from Fribourg to Lausanne burst out of the tunnel at Chexbres, and revealed that superb prospect of the Lake of Geneva, which remains with me as one of the abiding memories of travel.

I must not dwell on the incidents of my journey from Manchester to Lausanne—incidents trite enough, all thrice, nay, three thousand times told, but full of interest and delight to a stranger, who now at length was to have his boyish dream fulfilled, and gaze with his own eyes on Alpine snows and Alpine pastures. How, after spending the night speeding through France in a second-class carriage, I awoke, after fitful slumbers, to find myself among the cowlipped meadows, pine-clad hills, and brimful

hurrying brooks of the Jura, as the landscape began to glimmer through the grey dawn:—how at Basle I lingered on the famous bridge above the “majestic and abounding” Rhine:—how I fell in love with Berne, most charming of towns, with its brightly-painted, green-shuttered houses, its fantastic fountains adorned with bears in every possible grotesqueness of figure and circumstance its terraces, from which the traveller wafts his first greeting to the shining snows of the Oberland, or his last unavailing adieux,—all this can be left to the kind reader’s imagination. Nor must I linger at picturesque Fribourg, famous for its organ and for the suspension bridge that spans the gorge of the Sarine, but hurry on with the hurrying train to the shores of world-renowned Leman. This view from above Chexbres is one of the surprises of travel, although Mr. Baedeker has done his best, by one of his rare and magical double stars, to take off the keenness of its edge. There it lies beneath you, with its majestic girdle of mountains, from the snowy Dent d’Oche opposite to the Dent de Jaman in the far east:

That much-loved inland sea,
The ripples of whose blue waves cheer
Vevey and Meillerie.

It is not only the suddenness with which the prospect unfolds itself as the train shoots out of the darkness of the tunnel, but the complete change which has taken place in the character of the landscape, that renders this view of the Leman Lake from Chexbres so entrancing. You have been travelling through a country which, except for the foreign cast of the villages and farm-houses and the snowy mountains seen, now and again, in the background, is not unlike some of our own landscapes, say on the Welsh border—and presto! without a word of warning, you are transported into the sunny south. I

have never seen the Mediterranean; but the intense blueness of the water of the lake and the graceful lateen sails of the barks which were gliding over it recalled one's dreams and imaginations of the azure seas which wash Italian shores. Then the slopes which the traveller looks down upon from Chexbres are one great vineyard; and I saw the peasants everywhere at work among the vines. The leaves were just unfolding, and gave, in the distance, a light-brown tint to all this side of the lake—a poor substitute indeed for the infinite variety of colour which clothes one of our own wooded hillsides in spring. The southward-facing slopes of the hills (the *Solside*, as the Norwegians say) both on the Lake of Geneva and in the Rhone Valley, up to a certain height are almost entirely covered with vineyards: the wine is white and mostly rather sour—but at Sion, higher up the Rhone, red wine is also produced, of good quality. And so, with this view to the left, to gaze on with deeper and deeper admiration, I go down to Lausanne, picturesque without, but within very disenchanting; and soon take the little cable-railway, *La Ficelle*, down to Ouchy. This village, the port of Lausanne, is famous, as everyone knows, as the spot where Byron wrote "The Prisoner of Chillon." It was something to look down upon the waters of a lake which had entered so largely into one's youthful imagination, and been made so illustrious by genius as the Lake of Geneva—and I took a long walk eastwards, towards one of those solitary ivy-mantled towers which are so common in this part of the lake and reminded me of the martello towers of Jersey. A storm was gathering on the majestic mountains opposite—the Dent d'Oche and the Rocks of Meillerie—and as I walked I thought of Byron and his great contemporary, Shelley, and their memorable voyage together along the southern side of the lake, when a storm such as I saw

brewing in the distance came on and both were nearly drowned. It is characteristic of Shelley, who tells the story in a letter to Peacock, that he should describe this boating trip as a delightful one, and merely mention the danger they were in as one incident among many—still more, that he should say, doubtless with perfect truth, that his chief anxiety on this occasion was that his companion would probably have risked his life to save his own. If we consider Shelley's glowing prose description of the scenery of this part of the lake, and the considerable time which he spent on its shores, it is a little singular that he should never—so far as I am aware—mention anywhere in his poems either the lake itself, or any of the places on its margin. Byron, on the other hand, has probably done more to make the Lemane Lake famous all over the world than any other writer, and it seems to have been the occasion of some of his truest inspirations, by the contrast of its sweet tranquil beauty with his own chaotic and unsatisfied nature.

Taking the steamer at Ouchy, I proceeded to Vevey, and, after spending the night there, went on to Montreux, which is a sort of general name for all those villages of villas which stretch from Clarens almost to Villeneuve, near the mouth of the Rhone—a circumstance not a little puzzling to the stranger. There is something eminently delightful, both to the eye and the mind, about this eastern shore of the lake, although the railway and the wretched white stuccoed villas which line the water have done their best to ruin the scene. For, above all the commonplaceness which is the natural attribute of an English colony, the hills rise steep, green, forest-clad, with "bowery hollows" between them—the hills, the topmost points of whose ridges are the Dent de Jaman, the Rochers de Naye,

Mont Sonchaud and Malatrait, all "married to immortal verse." Perched on one of the nearer slopes or shoulders, are the white houses of Glion—a delightful object for the eye to rest upon, and still more delightful from its association with poetry and genius. But how to climb that steep hillside and gain that lovely eminence? Alas for the poet! I hope Matthew Arnold never visits Glion now; it would be too painful, I am afraid, even though to him years have brought the philosophic mind.

Glion? Ah, twenty years, it cuts

All meaning from a dame!

White houses prank where once were huts;

Glion, but not the same!

But now, far worse than the great hotels which tower above the humble cottages, a railway, or rather one of those cable lines, called *chemins de fer funiculaires*, has been made right up the mountain side at a frightfully steep gradient, and you are taken up nearly 1,000 feet in eight minutes and pitched right among the hotels of Glion. The working of this miniature line is curious. Cars start from Territet for the ascent and from Glion for the descent at the same moment, and somehow are made to balance one another; and if any accident should occur in the mechanism by which the line is worked (a thing which has not happened so far), its result, I am told, would merely be to instantly stop the cars, both the ascending and descending one. An English lady, who mounted in the car with me, professed great nervousness in the matter; but I thought more of the æsthetic features of the business. It was something like going in a tram-car to the door of Rydal Mount. Well, it may come to that before long. Manchester has already begun her great æsthetic reformation or transformation of the Lake Country. We have a charming foretaste of what we may expect in the lovely

chimney on Dunmail Raise, which strangers to the country, as they see it towering in the dim distance, imagine, I daresay, has something to do with

that pile of stones
Heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones;
He who once held supreme command,
Last King of Rocky Cumberland.

Ah, no! it marks the advent of an entirely new dominion, the reign of mighty King Cotton. Soon the shores of Thirlmere will lose all those stupid irregularities of outline which please poor feeble-minded Ruskinites and Wordsworthians. A beautiful carriage drive and semi-detached villas may be expected in the near future, and there is nothing to prevent its becoming to our fortunate descendants a formidable inland rival to Blackpool. Some enthusiastic members of the Town Council, I believe, confidently expect to live to see the day when the shores of the now silent and sequestered lake will resound with the animating strains of nigger serenaders and German bands, and a switchback railway will carry daily up [the slopes of Helvellyn its thousands of screaming and delighted passengers.

Let us away from the railway station and the hotels, and see whether unspoiled nature has not still her compensations for us. Certainly if we go up to Glion—even by the most prosaic approaches—on such a lovely spring day as this, we shall be inclined to say with the poet, after his lamentation over the changes which the years have brought—

And yet I know not! All unchanged
The turf, the pines, the sky;
The hills in their old order ranged;
The lake, with Chillon by!

“Great artist Memory!” apostrophizes Tennyson. Ah, she would indeed be a great artist could she but bring

back in all their fulness of charm those flower-sown mountain pastures into which you enter at once from the houses of Glion, as I saw them on a bright afternoon in the middle of May—pastures of the richest green, over which the mountain breezes played with their undulations of light and shadow; pastures starred with countless blossoms of the exquisite white narcissus (*Narcissus poeticus*), mingled with magnificent blue forget-me-nots, and the golden balls of that beautiful mountain ranunculus (*Trollius Europæus*), which, though rare with us, seems abundant everywhere in the higher meadows of Switzerland and Scandinavia. It might be called a harmony in emerald, pearly white, turquoise, and pale gold. This was my first complete revelation of the beauty of the Swiss pastures in spring, and than such a scene, it is hard to believe the world can show anything of the kind more exquisite, than such a reality that imagination can picture a dream more fair.

Not that fair plain
Of Enna, where Proserpine, gathering flowers—
Herself a fairer flower—by gloomy Dis
Was gathered—

not the Elysian fields of which the ancient poets fabled—not the Garden of Eden itself—can have appealed to the senses or touched the imagination in a more exquisite manner than those narcissus-sown pastures of Glion which sloped downwards in soft undulation towards the blue lake and upwards to the rocks and the sombre shadows of the pines. I cannot refrain from putting beside my weak words those with which the greatest living master of English prose has described and illuminated such a scene:—

“Go out, in the spring time (says Mr. Ruskin), among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass

grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom,—paths that for ever droop and rise on the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness,—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, ‘He maketh grass to grow up on the mountains.’”—*Modern Painters* III., Pt. iv., Ch. xiv.

From Glion I went by steamboat and railway to Monthey, in the Rhone Valley, and thence by diligence (the most deliberate of diligences, which took about four hours to accomplish twelve miles), to Champéry, in the Val d’Illiez. My intention was, after spending a few days at Champéry, to cross the mountains to Chamouni, thus approaching Mont Blanc by what is probably the grandest of all approaches—the Col d’Anterne and the Brévent. But now a lamentable change had come over the weather. Already at Glion a damp, rainy mist came up and shrouded the lake and mountains, and as I drove up the Val d’Illiez, towards high-placed Champéry, the wind was bitterly cold, with threats of rain. And soon came not only the rain but the snow—a snow-storm which lasted intermittently nearly three days, and buried beautiful Champéry beneath a winter shroud of white. Alas for the gentians, which but a morning ago had shone with such an exquisite intensity of blue! alas for the poor cherry trees, which just now had enough to do to bear their own burden of snowy bloom! Fortunately I had one bright sunny day, or the greater portion of it, before the winter set in again with such extraordinary severity, and was able to look up with

deep admiration to the snows of the majestic Dent du Midi (which towers up immediately opposite Champéry), from pastures of the freshest green, bright with an even greater variety of the loveliest spring flowers than those of Glion. Of course the great and continued fall of snow spoiled my plans for a mountain walk to Chamouni; the passes would have been barely practicable even with a guide, and I might probably not have had so much as a glimpse of the "monarch of mountains." So with reluctance I determined to retrace my steps, and once more seek the shores of the Lake of Geneva, and thence, if possible, cross the Col de Jaman, *en route* for the Simmenthal and the Bernese Oberland. Jaman!—there was a magic in the name; there, too, it might be spring once more, and, in any case, the austere sublimities of Chamouni should be held in reserve as the lodestar of a subsequent journey. Spite of the atrocious badness of the weather at Champéry and of the fact that I was the solitary visitor, my recollections of the six days spent there are not unpleasant, and I left the place with much regret. The village—one long street bordered by picturesque weather-stained chalets with exquisitely carved balconies—the rich, flowery pastures around it, the circle of snowy mountains, from the three peaks of the Dent du Midi opposite to the beautiful Dent de Bonavaux at the head of the valley, the pine-forests on every hand, and the merry, rushing Viège in the gorge below—all combine to make Champéry, if only the weather be favourable, an earthly paradise indeed. Nor are the stalwart Champérolains, with their well-knit frames, honest, manly faces, and courteous manners (the women, it may be interesting to hear, often don the breeches), unworthy of their mountain home. They form a contrast, indeed, to the low type of figure and feature noticeable among the goître-stricken inhabitants of Monthey, in the great valley below, and are enough to

refute the superstition that all the virtues flourish exclusively in the Protestant parts of the country. Let me add the testimony of one solitary traveller to the excellence of his inn—the less pretentious of Champéry's two hostelries—the never-sufficiently-to-be-praised *Croix Fédérale*.

One beautiful bright morning I started from Clarens intending to walk by the lake side to Montreux, and thence climb the mountain to Les Avants. Les Avants lies opposite to Glion at a higher elevation on the other side of the stream, which after rushing down the steep Gorge du Chauderon is known before reaching the lake as the Baie de Montreux. Clarens is famous (as every one knows) for its introduction by Rousseau into the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and also as the scene which inspired Byron with some of the sweetest and most sincere verses he ever wrote. But the "Bosquet de Julie" is no more, and rows of staring-red brand-new Parisian villas form one of the most prominent features in the view. Let us leave them—leave the brick and stucco, the railway, the hotels, the fashionable promenades and the fashionable promenaders which deform irretrievably this part of the lake-shore—and seek refuge for a while in the ancient village of Montreux. It is a delightful old place, with the most picturesque wooden houses, and a turbulent mountain-stream rushing through its midst. The high-placed church, like so many Swiss churches, commands an admirable view, and it was pleasant to linger on the seats beneath the group of venerable gnarled chesnuts, and gaze over the churchyard wall, round which a beautiful yellow rose was trailing, down to the blue waters of the lake and across to the snow-capped mountains of Savoy. Taking once more the *chemin funiculaire* to Glion, I walked across to Les Avants—

Across the valley, on that slope,
The huts of Avant shine !
The pines under their branches ope
Ways for the tinkling kine.

These huts of Avant are now overshadowed by a huge hotel, bigger even than any of those at Glion. Its position is an exquisite one; luxuriant meadows in front, over which the eye wanders to blue Lemane far below; behind, grassy slopes, dotted with chalets, and crowned with pine-forest: while eastward, one beautiful peak—now first seen—proclaims itself unmistakably as the Dent de Jaman, “Jaman delicately tall,” a mountain form not unworthy to kindle a poet’s inspiration. Alas for the flowery meadows; the snow and rain of the past week had blighted and weighed down their pearly and cerulean treasures—the narcissuses and forget-me-nots. Not even at Glion is the white narcissus so abundant as at Les Avants; the lawny slopes around are whitened by it as by a fall of snow; but for this May its glory was gone. Going in the evening into the smoke-room of the hotel, I found a military-looking man, whom I will call the Colonel, conversing with a couple of Americans. Seeing me, I suppose, hesitate to disturb the conversation, he asked me to join them in a friendly manner, and to help myself to his whisky. After listening for a time to the Colonel’s exposition of the Irish question (he appeared to sigh for days when it would have been possible to place that benighted country under martial law), I asked him about the road over the Col, which I purposed taking in the morning. “Oh, no,” said he, “there will be no difficulty; only you will find the road in an indescribably beastly state.” After saying “Good night,” I went upstairs to my room, in company with one of the Yankees, who appeared to take quite a fatherly interest in me, and what he considered my Quixotic plan of crossing the Col in such unsettled weather and after so much snow. When separating for our respective rooms, he delivered himself thus: “And aye you really going to-morrow? Fond of tramping, I suppose! Member of the Alpine Club, p’raps? Wa’l, I guess I shouldn’t care to do it. Good-night.”

Next morning, when I looked out of window, the prospect was certainly very far from encouraging. A damp mist, which turned presently into unmistakable rain, wrapped the landscape in its dismal folds, completely shrouding everything but the nearest objects. The waiter, when he brought my coffee and roll, was mildly expostulative, and suggested I should find the mountain "peu agréable." I certainly never set out on an expedition in a less cheerful frame of mind than on that May morning from the *Hôtel des Avants*. Here the good carriage-road, which mounts from the valley, comes to an abrupt close, and is succeeded by a detestably rough, ancient *pavage*, such as is common among the Alps. The road, such as it was, was now little better than the bed of a torrent—presently the water was succeeded by sloppy snow, and the rain too began to condense into snow-flakes. I was not long in discovering that the Colonel had not exaggerated in describing the road as "indescribably beastly." There are few situations less provocative of cheerfulness than a solitary mountain walk in such weather. Well says Horace: "*Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico*"—and even the most inveterate of solitary trampers might well desire a companion (*jucundus* or otherwise) under such circumstances. Upwards and upwards the road zigzagged, but nothing was visible save the gaunt forms of the pines looming vaguely out of the rainy or snowy mist like a spectral host—nothing audible but the hoarse voice of the torrent far below. Fortunately the path was well trodden—and it was not until I had mounted gradually to a considerable height that I began to be conscious of the possibility of danger. Here the snow lay on the road to the depth of a foot or more, and not only had the newly-fallen snow almost obliterated the foot-tracks, but overhead the white flakes were coming down persistently

and threatening to obscure the small remaining vestige of path. Then I began to reflect, with some anxiety, that I had eaten but a very scanty breakfast. Fortunately I had a little brandy in a flask, and some tobacco; but of solid food, not so much as a biscuit. However, I trudged on as best I could, narrowly examining the ground as I proceeded for indications of a path. To the right the great shoulder of Jaman now rose obscurely—white with snow-patches and shaggy with mist-bedraggled pines—not now the “sun-warmed firs,” behind which the poet saw the beautiful rocky outline of the Dent. Let us console ourselves, if we cannot see the mountain landscape on which Matthew Arnold looked with a lover’s and a poet’s eye, by repeating some of his lovely stanzas—stanzas worthy to rank as a companion-piece beside Mr. Ruskin’s prose-poem on the Alpine pastures in spring. He is speaking of the author of *Obermann*, S  nancour, who lived for some years the life of a recluse among the mountains of Switzerland:—

How often, when the slopes are green
 On Jaman, hast thou sate
 By some high chalet door, and seen
 The summer day grow late,
 And darkness steal o’er the wet grass
 With the pale crocus starr’d,
 And reach that glimmering sheet of glass
 Beneath the piny sward,
 Lake Leman’s waters, far below !
 And watch’d the rosy light
 Fade from the distant peaks of snow ;
 And on the air of night
 Heard accents of the eternal tongue
 Through the pine branches play !
 Listen’d, and felt thyself grow young !
 Listen’d, and wept—Away !
 Away the dreams that but deceive !
 And thou, sad guide, adieu !
 I go ; fate drives me ! but I leave
 Half of my life with you.

As I neared the depression which marks the top of the pass, a large bird of the crow kind, probably a raven (the first living thing I had seen since leaving Les Avants), settled on the snow some hundreds of yards away; then, seeing my approach, it rose suddenly, and flapping its wings loudly, sailed away into space. It seemed to me a suitable *genius loci*. I was not to wait long, however, before meeting a human traveller. On reaching the summit of the pass—a really tolerably level expanse of some extent, then almost entirely covered with snow—a man hove in sight, bound apparently for the direction from which I had just come. He was a burly-looking fellow, dressed like a navvy, carrying a tremendously thick stick in one hand, and with a brightly-coloured check handkerchief in the other, with which he mopped his perspiring brow. To my questions about the road, he replied, "*Je ne connais pas la montagne*:" so some one else had ventured across the top that day who did not know the mountain. Hereabouts, half buried beneath the snow, I found the yellow blossom of a beautiful mountain buttercup, also the stiff leaves and flower-sheaths of a plant which I took to be the yellow gentian, of which Matthew Arnold speaks—

The gentian-flower'd pass, its crown
With yellow spires aflame.

How lovely, methought, this scene—now the picture of desolation—in bright sunny weather, when the eye wanders from the flowery carpet of mountain turf up to "the cone of Jaman, pale and grey," and then again westward to blue Leman and its fair circling hills. Presently the path, which had been faintly marked in the snow, descended pretty rapidly by the side of a stream from Jaman, which lower down falls into the Hongrin and became plain enough, though execrably bad. After floundering along or several miles in the softest and stickiest mud, passing

at a little distance rude chalets and a herdsman tending cattle, I reached, with much satisfaction, the little *Croix Noire* inn at Allières, the humblest of *auberges*, and was glad to gulp down some vile, raw brandy, as a heat-producer and preservative against cold. Very beautiful, even on that dull rainy morning, looked the mountain sides; the sombre hues of the pines relieved by the fresh tints of the just-opened beeches, and the snug farms scattered over the lower ground. And looking back to the region whence I had come—towards Jaman, still hid in his cloak of rainy mist—I could not help feeling glad to have come, even in such untoward weather, over ground which had been illustrated and made sacred by the genius of a true, and, I believe, a great poet, and thus to have dropped with—

the path to Allières down
And walls where Byron came,
By their green river who doth change
His birth-name just below—
Orchard and croft and full-stored grange,
Nursed by his pastoral flow.

It may be imagined that I hailed with welcome the sight of the Hôtel de Jaman, at Montbovon, which I reached in about an hour from Allières. The people at the inn seemed surprised at my crossing Jaman in such weather; they dried my clothes and boots, which last in particular were in a terrible plight, and before long I sat down to an excellent little dinner and a bottle of burgundy. Madame, however, who talked a little English, knew how to charge, as I found before setting out, refreshed by the meal and rest, to walk up the river to Château d'Oex.

This district along the banks of the Sarine, of which Château d'Oex is the little metropolis, is known as the *Pays d'en Haut*. In the middle ages it was under the sway of the mighty Counts of Gruyère, who ruled with a rod of iron, and it was only painfully and by slow degrees

that its sturdy peasantry succeeded in asserting their rights, till at length they had wrested the sceptre from their oppressors. The peasants are still a fine race of men, tall, well built, courteous, with manly, open faces, and of a sincere, unaffected piety. It is interesting to read the inscriptions on the fronts of their picturesque and sometimes elaborately carved chalets. Here is one from Château d'Oex, with date 1718:—"O Dieu, fait nous bien comprendre que le monde passe avec sa convoitise, que notre vie s'écoule, et qu'il nous faudra bientôt tout quitter, mais que celui qui fait Ta volonté demeure éternellement. Par le secours divin Moïse Roch a fait bâtir cette maison par Maître Anton Amstutz, et ses consorts Charpentier.'

Delightful was it to rest after my long day's travel at the *Pension Rosat* at Château d'Oex, a homely hospitable place, beloved of many quiet English people, and with a landlady whose face at once inspires confidence. The country around Château d'Oex, though not particularly beautiful for Switzerland, has a restful charm of its own. Spacious stretches of green meadow, through which clear mountain brooks dash and dance down to the turbid Sarine, while above the mountains soar till the fresh verdure of their pastures gives place to sombre pine-forests—in the midst of such a landscape lies the large scattered village, with its gray church on a green mound, and its hotels and *pensions*. In front, looking across the river, a group of shattered snow-clad peaks form the most distinctive feature in the view—the Rüblihorn, the Gummfluh, and the Rocher du Midi; while up the gorge that leads towards Sepey and Aigle, the sharp Pic de Chaussy arrests the eye. Lovely flowers spangle the pastures, but the narcissus, which, though not in such profusion as at Glion and Les Avants, had accompanied me most of the way from Montbovon, is not among them. It flourishes at

the height of from say 2,000 to 2,500 feet, and here we are at an elevation of nearly 3,500. Gladly would I have stayed at the pleasant pension, made friends with the *pensionnaires* and the peasants, and drunk the pure champagne of the mountain air on these upland pastures—indeed, I had half a mind to spend the rest of my holiday there—but I felt a constraining wish for a glimpse of the glories of the Bernese Oberland; so, strapping on my knapsack, I left the next morning with regret for Saanen and the Simmenthal.

It was curious, on leaving Rougemont, to pass at once from a French-speaking to a German-speaking district, and to see everywhere the latter language on official documents by the wayside and on the wooden houses. Now, too, there were no more pious inscriptions; while the people, it was impossible to help noticing, were of an inferior type, both in face and in manners, to the fine peasantry of the Pays d'en Haut. And so in bright hot weather I crossed from the valley of the Saane to that of the Simme, and reached the Hôtel Simmenthal at Zweissimmen just as the twilight was coming on, and the faintest, thinnest, most exquisite crescent of a young moon was beginning to "wash the dusk with silver" above the cloud-barred west.

The next morning I set out to walk down the Simmenthal in the happiest frame of mind. I had succeeded in sending my traps to Brodhüsi by the diligence; the day was all before me, and it promised to be a magnificent one. The meadows were gorgeous with dandelions (and no one who has seen this despised flower glorifying the Swiss pastures in spring will think meanly of it any more, or wonder at James Russell Lowell's poetical tribute); from the pastures came the soft tinkle of innumerable cattle-bells—at a little distance one of the most soothing of sounds—and the whole landscape was bathed

in golden sunshine. This is the region of which Mr. F. W. H. Myers draws for us such a vivid picture in his beautiful "Simmenthal":—

Far off the old snows ever new
With silver edges cleft the blue,
Aloft, alone, divine ;
The sunny meadows silent slept,
Silence the sombre armies kept,
The vanguard of the pine.

In that thin air the birds are still ;
No ring-dove murmurs from the hill,
Nor mating cushat calls ;
But gay cicalas, singing, sprang,
And waters from the forest sang
The song of waterfalls.

Pleasant, too, was it to hear the greeting of the peasants, the soft "Schön da'," as they passed or overtook me, dressed in their Sunday best ; some in coats of snuff-coloured cloth, cut low in front, like our dress-coats ; others in short black velvet tunics with silver buttons. At Boltigen I called at a Trinkhalle for a bottle of beer, and found these peasants, picturesquely attired, sitting smoking, and drinking Burgdorf beer. In front of the open door the breeze wafted across the road showers of something white. Ah ! it was not winter, as the day before yesterday, on Jaman ; these were no flakes of real snow, only "the snow-flakes of the cherry blooms." Like most of these Swiss rivers, the Simme is a turbid stream, of the colour of dirty milk, from the contemplation of which it is impossible to derive any pleasure. Rarely, indeed, in Switzerland, does one see any really pellucid water, save in the tiny brooks that everywhere come dancing down the precipitous meadows. There one often sighs for the mountain streams of Norway ; the crystal, the amber, the beryl of still pools ; the shattered emerald of sunlit torrents ; the unspeakable exquisite fascination of cool transparent depths.

Perhaps there is not to be found anywhere in western Switzerland so beautiful a stream of so considerable volume as the Nærödalselv in Norway, or even as the Sannox-burn in our British Arran. Still downward marched the turbid stream, and still the white road marched at its side; still the pine-forests clung to its banks, and still the eye soared above them to the eternal crags and snows. Again the hills recede; with the dusky bluish-green of the pine-forests the exquisite fresh green of the beech begins to mingle, and thriving farms are passed embosomed in orchards laden with rosy and snowy bloom of apple and cherry. Here, most beautiful of villages, is Erlenbach, with carved wooded houses that would stir any artistic nature with a desire to reproduce them.

It has always struck me that it is in architecture—in town and village architecture—that the inferiority of England to the countries of the Continent is most manifest. While few countries can show in their landscapes a greater beauty or greater variety of beauty than our own, our buildings—nearly all the newer ones, at any rate—are simply deplorable. Our picturesque bits, such as they are, are kept for show, as Mr. Ruskin somewhere says, while abroad—in France, in Switzerland, in Italy—almost every building has something effective and pictorial about it—something, at any rate, far different from the dead, depressing level of commonplace we see around us at home. When a distinguished man (who shall be nameless here) lately complimented Manchester by pronouncing it a possible candidate for the title of “the Modern Athens,” he was, I presume, hardly thinking of its architecture, though it is certainly no worse than that of most of our great towns.

And so, passing through the great rocky portals of the Simmenthal, I reach Wimmis with its picturesque Schloss clinging to the heights above, and roam onward through the

twilight meadows—across which the Oberland giants are faintly revealed in ghostly white—to Spiez, on the Lake of Thun, whence in the now pitch-dark night I take the steamer to Interlaken.

One of the chapters in Longfellow's *Hyperion* begins with what may be called a lyrical apostrophe in prose to Interlaken, an apostrophe which is very appropriate as introducing the scene of a love-story:—

“Interlaken! How peacefully, by the margin of the swift-rushing Aar, thou liest, on the broad lap of those romantic meadows, all overshadowed by the wide arms of giant trees! . . . Before thee opens the magnificent valley of Lauterbrunnen, where the cloud-hooded Monk and pale Virgin stand like Saint Francis and his Bride of Snow; and around thee are fields, and orchards, and hamlets green, from which the church bells answer each other at evening! The evening sun was setting when I first beheld thee! The sun of life will set ere I forget thee.” Well, I should doubt whether many tourists now-a-days cherish any romantic memories of Interlaken, in spite of the majestic beauty of its position and surroundings. They are much more likely to preserve enduring recollections of their bills at the Metropole, or the Belvedere, or the Jungfraublick. Here come the crowd of Americans, and from the verandahs of the luxurious hotels on the Höhweg contemplate the snowy beauties of the Jungfrau, and thus do the Oberland. Even before the beginning of the season, Interlaken had quite the air of a fashionable watering-place, a bit of Paris transplanted into the heart of the sanctuary of the Alps. Leaving it after an early dinner to walk to Lauterbrunnen, I turned aside to get my coffee at pretty Café Unspunnen. The view up the Lauterbrunnen Valley from this point would be perfect, were it not that a square white *pension* recently built on rising ground con-

tinually attracts to its glaring hideousness the eyes that should wander delightedly from the snows of the Jungfrau beyond the purple gorge to the picturesque ruin of Unspunnen in the valley below.

Every Swiss tourist knows the valley of Lauterbrunnen, but not every one has walked up it in May. The flowers were, perhaps, what most attracted and delighted me. First of all in the lower meadows were blue gentians, cowslips, lilac primulas and dark-purple orchises. Then among the pines by the roadside blue violets and daisies—daisies of magnificent size. Higher up I found in the woods fields of blue periwinkles, and in their neighbourhood the little yellow *Viola biflora* and the delicate *Oxalis*. Then above them the pine-forests soared, and the bare granite crags outsoared the pines, and flung down their sides the sky-born cataracts in sheets of silver foam. Numberless are the cataracts that pour down the purple precipices into this beautiful valley, but none are known to fame save the Staubbach. There! afar off, it gleams, a dancing veil of white! And beneath it the village nestles. And as I get my evening meal in the verandah of the hotel, I gaze up at it, and gaze again. The sight of it realised many a youthful dream.

All this sounds very nice, very elevating and inspiring indeed, and so it was. But there is another side to the question. Truth to say, the annoyances which beset the traveller in this beautiful valley, even such an early bird of the tourist species as myself, are something indescribable. First of all, long before Lauterbrunnen was reached, a girl appeared in the road offering lace; then shortly another presented dried edelweiss; then once more a lace-girl nearly blocked up the way. Lastly, a man, of whom I had innocently asked a question as to the identification of the Jungfrau with a snowy peak opposite, turned out to be a

guide, and urged me (*urged* is the right word) to let him take me the following day over the Wengern Alp to Grindelwald for ten francs. Walking back the next day along the upper valley on my return from Mürren, I found the importunities of the people still more harassing. Now it was lace, now wooden carvings, now a bit of mountain crystal. At the fall of the Trümmelbach (an extraordinary scene of rock and water) you are espied in advance, taken in tow by a little girl, and, after seeing the fall, are compelled before regaining the road to run the gauntlet of no less than five booths, at each of which you are importuned to buy. When, with much thanksgiving, I had escaped all these, and was about to pay the girl on emerging from the gate, a burly coarse-looking fellow, who was standing by, stopped me, and, in an insolent manner, informed me that he was the person to be paid.

The morning after reaching Lauterbrunnen, borrowing an alpenstock from mine host of the Staubbach, I set out early for the climb to Mürren. It was a perfectly lovely morning—the last day of May, and the last of my tour. The path, which mounts rapidly in steep zigzags up the mountain side, was in an abominable condition from melted snow, and the sun behind was hot; but the view across the valley to the pastures of the Wengern Alp, the pure crystalline air, and the sun-bathed pines dotting the green pastures, were ample compensation for any fatigue. I passed several miniature Staubbachs, also a path to the upper fall of the famous Staubbach. Presently the road, which had lain for some time in the forest, emerged above the pines, and a majestic prospect of snowy summits was revealed. There they stood—their dazzling snows glittering in the sunshine and outlined against a glorious blue heaven—the Jungfrau, not the highest peak I think, but the exquisite one known as the Silberhorn, the Mönch, and

the Eiger, a superb mountain trio. It was also—as always to me—a great delight to observe the Alpine flowers, to find one's old acquaintances, and discover new ones. This little shining golden disk of blossom—is it not one's old friend the coltsfoot, which sheds a pale radiance in February and March over all the rubbish heaps and sides of railway cuttings in the neighbourhood of our murky city? If flowers have thoughts or feelings, as Wordsworth loved to imagine—" 'tis my faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes"—how different must be the lot of the poor coltsfoot, struggling for existence in our foul air among grime and corruption, from that of the same flower as it breathes the pure air of these scented Alpine pastures, and looks across to those shining snows. Here, too, on this damp ground, from which the snow has but just melted, are two gentians—the "dark bell-gentian" and the "light-blue star-gentian," whose "uncontested queenliness" Mr. Ruskin celebrates in a notable passage on Alpine flowers. I remember well the enthusiasm with which I first espied the former growing on the Les Revers above Champéry; it is, I think, the flower to which Mr. Aubrey de Vere refers in his beautiful sonnet, "To a Flower on the Skirts of Mont Blanc." Here, likewise, is the delicate fringed purple soldanella, and some hepaticas still linger on the threshold of summer; while hard by is a beautiful crimson heath in full flower.

Turning a corner, the houses of the Alpine village of Mürren come full in view, dominated, of course, by two huge hotels. The panorama of mountains extends till, on reaching Mürren, we are surrounded by a perfect amphitheatre of snowy peaks. As we stand on the damp pastures in front of the hotel—pastures all starred with white crocuses—we are on the very brink of the tremendous gorge of the Lauterbrunthal, two thousand feet below.

Immediately opposite, the black precipices of the Schwarze Monch:spill—

Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,

and above them are rocks, and snows, and glaciers—a world of magnificent desolation. As in Browning's "Childe Roland,"

The hills, like giants at their hunting, lay :

they crowded all round, from the Gspaltenhorn at the head of the Kienthal, to the far-distant Wetterhorn, seen across the pass of the Wengern Alp. This, I felt, was, in more than one sense, the summit of my tour; for this I had travelled all the way from England, and had suffered all the atrocities of spring weather among the mountains. It was a perfect moment of vision, and it was with regret that I left behind me the crocused slopes of Mürren, and took my way downward over the clear Mürrenbach to Gimmelwald, the Sefinen-Lütschine, and the Upper Lauterbrunnen Valley.

As we stand there, facing these snowy giants of the Oberland, let us consider what is the magic that attracts us now-a-days with so potent a spell to those vast masses of rock and ice which we call the Alps. It is an attraction which would have seemed ridiculous and incredible to our great-grandfathers—the fine gentlemen in periwigs and paste-buckles of good Queen Anne's time could not have conceived such a thing. Perhaps none of us could explain it even to our own satisfaction, though we can perhaps guess at some of its causes. After the obvious material reasons, such as the freshness of the mountain air and the appeal to the eye of the brightest and most exquisite colours, we shall find perhaps that we love the mountains from the contrast of their peace and permanence with the feverish current of our modern life. We feel, too, more and more, now-a-days, the fleetingness of existence and the

insignificance of our separate individualities: and though the eternal Alps may seem fitted to bring home that truth to us with greater poignancy, on the other hand, in their splendours we may learn to forget our puny existences, in their enduring power recognise with joy at once the symbol and the shrine of that Spirit who abides calm and unmoved amid all the changes and chances of the world.





THE LAST STRING.

BY ABRAHAM STANSFIELD.

[*A translation from the German of Gustav Hartwig.*]

O CHEERILY, cheerily, fiddler mine !
Come, drink thou a glass of the foaming wine
For the night is cold, and thy way is wide,
And frost and snow are on every side.

Then he bids "Good night !" to the merry corps,
And, fiddle in hand, he strides to the door ;
From the inn's warm hearth, and his comrades gay,
Full boldly he starts on his wintry way.

And as he had lustily handled the bow,
So plods he sturdily over the snow ;
Nay, though he is far away from his home,
By the forest path how soon he might come !

"Oh, God ! I am cold, I am freezing. No,
By the gloomy forest I needs must go ;
And have I not passed there on many a night,
When never a tiny star shed its light !"

On the snowy plain—with the moon o'er all—
See ! the shadows of sombre pine-trees fall !
And the woods are silent, save where the snow,
With its weight, is breaking the branches below.

The fiddler steps gaily over the ground,
For the coin in his pouch hath a musical sound ;
And he thinks of his home, and his spousie so rare,
And in his quick fancy already is there !

Like the thousand arms of a giant hoar,
The forest stretches, behind and before ;
And the icy fingers of hanging boughs,
Now, a ghostlike scene in the moonlight shows !

A crash in the thicket : " Ah, who goes there ?
I have startled in passing, a drowsy hare,"
The fiddler thinks, as he onward hies,
When, sudden before him, two glaring eyes !

" 'Tis a famishing hound, in the moon's pale beam,
How his white teeth gnash, and his eyeballs gleam !
And pressing behind him there—one, two, three,
With their eyes like fireballs—may heaven help me

"The wolves, oh, the wolves—a ravening brood,
And here am I helpless, alone in the wood !"
He cries in his terror, but vain is the call :
"Is there none, is there none, that will help me at
all ?"

His hair bristles up, his vision grows dim,
With horror and fright ; he quakes in each limb ;
No succour is there, he is fated to die :
The ravening pack to their victim draw nigh !

An oak tree so lofty, with leaves that are sere,
Supporteth the fiddler, when sudden you hear
A strain of wild melody—madness and mirth—
Such as never before was heard upon earth.

The tones are defiant, now pleading and mild,
Now stormy and raging, now weak as a child's;
'Tis the voice of despair, but vain is the call:
"Is there none, is there none, that will help me at
all?"

The wolves gather round him with wondering gaze;
The closer they press him the louder he plays;
They circle their victim, whose fiddle alone
Must save him, else will they not leave him a bone.

'Tis a hellish concert, a ghastly scene!
He plays to the wolves with horror-struck mien;
He plays for his life, for were he to end,
The wolves in a moment his body would rend!

With skill more than mortal he handles the bow:
Alas! he hath never so fiddled till now!
And the tune? 'tis the strangest and weirdest thing
That he plays!—oh God! he has broken a string!

The hot sweat is starting at every pore—
He shudders—the wolves are behind and before.
A string gone: but no, he dare not refrain
From fiddling—and now he has broken the twain!

As when a beast's harried and hunted to death,
The wolves are upon him, he feels their hot breath;
With eyes full of hunger, they leap in the snow,
While the tones of the fiddle get fainter and low.

And now, with the feebler and feebler sound,
The charm is unlocked that the wolves had bound;
And the ravening monsters are ready to spring:
A crack! and again he has broken a string!

"One chord is still left, and this is the last ;
Should it snap, should it break, then the struggle is past !"
The fiddler groans, and the tones that arise
From his fiddle are those of a man when he dies !

And as the sounds fainter and fainter fall,
The howling of wolves is heard above all :
A thick mist is veiling the fiddler's eyes,
And his white lips tremble—he falls, he dies !

"O Lord ! I commend my soul unto thee !"
He gasps, and is soon from all suffering free ;
A victim unconscious, he lies on the spot :
Then a horrible howling—a flash—a shot !

One shot—now another—comes whizzing along,
With its message of death to the ravening throng ;
And to show that the aim of the marksmen is good,
Two wolves are lying there, bathed in their blood !

The others have fled—like the song of the spheres
Is the sound that now greeteth the fiddler's ears ;
For the clangour of bells, and the voices of men,
Wake him up unto life and to music again



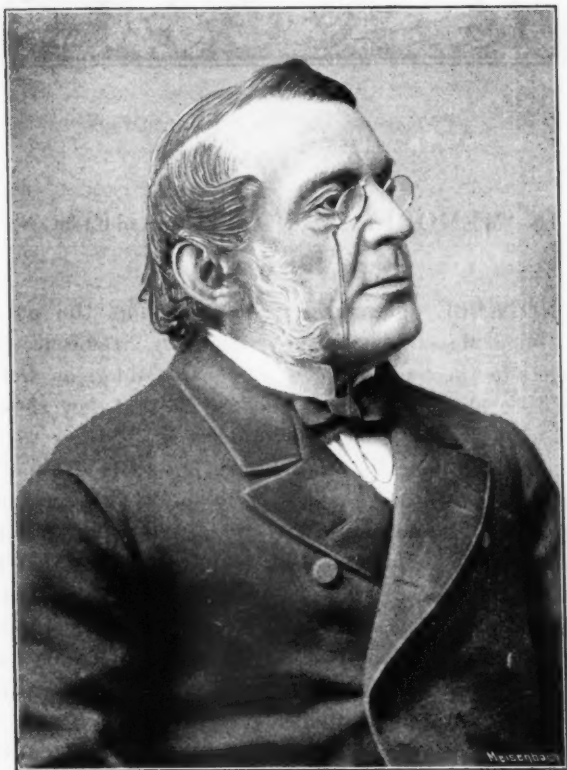


IN MEMORIAM ADOLPH SAMELSON.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

A NOTABLE figure has disappeared from the public life of Manchester, by the death of Dr. Samelson. His services to the common good were many and great, and it would be alike ungenerous and unjust that they should pass without some brief acknowledgment. Others would perhaps have done the work better, but a friendship of a quarter of a century enables me to speak with certainty and without hesitation. Without claiming that Adolph Samelson was "a faultless monster," it is certain that he had a strong sense of duty, a charitable heart, and, in a very uncommon measure, a devotion to the common good that led him to give time and talent to the promotion of measures for the benefit of the health, education and prosperity of his adopted city.

Adolph Samelson was born at Berlin, 6th September, 1817. His father died in 1830, but his mother, whose maiden name was Maria Anna Hartog, lived to an advanced age. He was educated first in the primary classes of the Berlin Gymnasium, then at Wusterhaus, where he was for two years the pupil of a minister, and then at the Berlin Friedrich-Wilhelm Gymnasium. After five years' study



ADOLPH SAMELSON, M.D.

Born at Berlin, September, 1817. Settled in Manchester, 1857.

Died at Connaught, 12th January, 1888.

he proceeded to the University of his native city in 1836, where he graduated as M.D. in 1840. His dissertation for the doctorate is entitled "*De Noma historica quædam*," and relates to the disease more commonly known as *Cancrum oris*, which is usually found in badly fed and neglected children. It shows an extensive and apparently minute acquaintance with the literature of the subject. After passing the Staats-Examen, he began to practise at Zehdenick, in Brandenburg, in 1841. He was then and throughout the remainder of his life a staunch Liberal, and in 1848 he was elected a member of the electoral colleges for the Prussian National Assembly and the German Reichstag. In 1849 he was the Liberal candidate for the district of Templin-Prenzlau in the Prussian Second Chamber. His opponent was the ex-Minister Count Arnim-Boitzenburg, who received 189 votes, whilst Dr. Samelson received 129. He took an active interest in local affairs, and as a member of the Town Council of Zehdenick he was instrumental in the foundation of a friendly burial society and of a co-operative loan society. The latter has since been remodelled as one of the Schulze-Delitsch associations which have been so useful in Germany. The local Liberals having started in January, 1849, a newspaper, *Die Neue Zeit*, Dr. Samelson became one of its most active contributors. Amongst other articles, he wrote one on the Dresden insurrection and the mode in which it was suppressed by the Prussian soldiery. For this outspoken criticism he was prosecuted, and on conviction was sentenced to four months' imprisonment. Not satisfied with this penalty, the Public Prosecutor appealed to the Secret High Tribunal in Berlin, which added two months' imprisonment, the deprivation of his position as town councillor, and the loss of his civil rights. Whilst in prison, in February, 1850, he was further informed that

the Government would demand the revocation of his State licence to practise medicine. The Berlin Court of Appeal having declined to become the instrument of this tyranny, the Cultus Minister issued the decree as an administrative act. The various delays that had interposed prevented this from taking effect until 1852, when Dr. Samelson had resumed those professional duties at Zehdenick which were now brought to an enforced conclusion. He returned to Berlin, but was unable to obtain admission to any of the official courses of instruction. Up to this time he had been a general practitioner, but he now began to devote special attention to diseases of the eye, and became the pupil and the friend of the famous Dr. von Graefe. The authorities, after leaving Dr. Samelson in peace for about 18 months, now, by the agency of the Berlin police, ordered him to quit the city, and after several brief respites forced his expatriation. A translation by Mr. Richard Newton of the article which thus changed the whole current of Dr. Samelson's life is given as an Appendix.

Dr. Samelson went to Paris with the intention of entering the medical service of the French army in the Crimea, but during the cholera epidemic he fell ill, and after some weeks of rest at Champigny accepted an invitation from friends in Holland. After a short time there, however, he went to Belgium, passing his time chiefly at Brussels and Liège. But official difficulties arose to his admission to practise, and he came to England in the summer of 1856 and devoted himself chiefly to the study of ophthalmology. Dr. Samelson became a resident of Manchester in 1857, and ever after remained identified with that city, in whose prosperity, sanitary improvement, and educational progress he took the warmest interest. The injustice that had been done to him by his native country was acknowledged in

1859. The late Emperor Wilhelm, who was then Prince Regent of Prussia, was a very different person from his predecessor, and the Cultus Minister of the new Sovereign made no difficulty in restoring to Dr. Samelson his civil status and his licence to practise. But he had taken root in Manchester, where he had many warm friends, and where his zealous public spirit and high character were fully appreciated. From 1862 to 1876 he was one of the surgeons of the Manchester Eye Hospital. In 1865 he was suffering from granular lid, and went to Berlin to be under the care of Von Graefe. His "Reminiscences" of that distinguished man contain the first account given to the English public of the method of linear extraction of cataract. Von Graefe's essay upon that subject was, a little later, translated by Dr. Samelson, who was also the author of many communications to medical journals and societies on various topics connected with ophthalmic science. A list of his writings, compiled by Mr. Ernest Axon, appears in Appendix II. Greater leisure enabled him to give more time to public affairs, and many institutions had the benefit of his help. The Schiller-Anstalt, the Sanitary Association, the Dramatic Reform Association, the Art Museum, the Provident Society, and many other associations thus profited. For years he was a regular attender at the meetings of the Manchester Literary Club, and frequently joined in the literary discussions. His extemporaneous deliverances were often marked both by critical acumen and brilliance of style. Of late years his activity was restricted by failing health, one symptom of which was persistent insomnia. He sought relief, but in vain, at Bournemouth, and then at Cannes, where his last days were passed. He stayed at the Hotel Richemont, and amongst the guests soon made friends who appreciated his fine qualities and recognised his intellectual powers. He

was attended by Dr. P. Franck, who had known him in Manchester, and during the last few days was under the care of a skilful nurse who had been trained at St. Mary's Hospital in this city. Dr. Swinburn King, who was staying at the hotel, also helped to soothe his dying hours. The lady guests, including the daughters of Dr. Day, a well-known London physician, were most assiduous in their attention, and watched in turns during the week that he was confined to his room. Although he died away from his own home, Dr. Samelson's high character secured him many friends at Cannes, who gave to his last days all the kindness and attention that friendship could inspire. He died 12th January, 1888, and was buried on the following day at the Protestant Cemetery there. The funeral was attended by many of the English residents, and especially by those who had been his fellow-guests at the hotel.

The following estimate of Dr. Samelson's position in the science of ophthalmology has been obligingly communicated by Dr. A. Emrys-Jones:—"I first became acquainted with Dr. Samelson in 1876, and until he left Manchester for the last time, I enjoyed his warm friendship. I had occasion frequently to probe the extent of his acquaintance with the special literature of ophthalmology, and I was always deeply impressed with the vast storehouse of facts he always seemed to have ready at hand. On being asked for references to any particular subject, he would in the most ready manner enumerate different papers and books bearing on the question, and the pith of the papers seemed to have left an indelible impression on his mind. He possessed a thoroughly scientific knowledge of his speciality, and I have been struck with the crucial and prolonged examination he would make before giving an opinion. His wide theoretical knowledge perhaps would cause him

to err on this point occasionally. I had no opportunity of watching his operative skill at its best, and it is not fair to judge a man when his health and advancing years militate against him. To his patients he was extremely attentive and kind. When connected with the Eye Hospital, I have been told he would often take the names and addresses of poorly clad, badly fed old men and women, and in the quietest way send some clothing and food. He was a man of many parts. I have spent many a pleasant hour with him discussing various problems in English Literature, and I have met very few that possessed a wider knowledge and higher appreciation of our principal writers. He had a burning zeal, amounting to a passion, for promoting every movement calculated to ameliorate and improve the sanitary and social condition of his adopted city. I shall never forget those firmly compressed lips, those piercing eyes, and earnest expression of his, when referring to some favourite reforms he wished to advocate, and his mingled tone of despair and hope as he emphasised that, although his years were too far advanced for him to see them accomplished, he felt sure that they would come in the day of us, the younger generation. He retained his intellectual freshness and vigour to the end, and never allowed any of his faculties to become fossilised. He had many points about him that, as members of the Literary Club, we should do well to bear in mind and emulate."

His last will is characteristic of the man. Legacies are left to his executors (Messrs. Axon and Newton), to a number of old servants and friends, and the rest is bequeathed to charitable uses in the following manner:—To the Society at Berlin called *Die Gesellschaft der Freunde* (who for half a century contributed to the sustenance of his deceased mother), £1,000; the Royal Medical Benevolent

College, Epsom, £300; the British Medical Benevolent Fund, London, £300; the Hospital for Incurables, Mauldeth Hall, Manchester, £300; the Ardwick and Ancoats Hospital, Mill Street, Ancoats, £750, as a fund for the endowment of a child's cot; the National Union of Elementary Teachers, London, £100; the Little Sisters of the Poor, Plymouth Grove, Manchester, £100; the Manchester Warehousemen and Clerks' Orphan Schools, £100; the Boys' and Girls' Refuges, Strangeways, £100, and the Manchester branch of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, £100. The residue of his property is left to the Manchester Ministry to the Poor. The value of the estate was sworn under £4,870.

Dr. Samelson was a man of extensive reading, and was familiar with classical literature and with the best modern writers of Germany, France, England, Holland, and Italy. He was an excellent table talker, and brought to conversation the result of travel and a knowledge of men as well as of books. He had both a capacity and a passion for organisation, and his attention to detail was sometimes carried to an uncomfortable excess. A somewhat impatient temperament at times raised difficulties, but no man was quicker to acknowledge hasty error, and no man was more anxious for the welfare of those with whom he came in contact. A staunch friend in private life, he was a zealous citizen, anxious for the welfare and prosperity of Manchester. His failings were trivial when compared with the sterling excellence of his character. He had the respect of the public, and the warm affection of a large circle of friends.

APPENDIX I.

THE ARTICLE FOR WHICH DR. SAMELSON WAS IMPRISONED.

The following translation has been made by Mr. Richard Newton, from *Die Neue Zeit*, No. 38, May 11, 1849:—

SHAME TO HIM WHO IS A WILLING SLAVE !

Tell it me. I cannot grasp or interpret it,
 How it has so swiftly come upon us, fulfilling itself !
 Of late, indeed, I have seen the grisly monster
 Striding hitherward with long steps
 To this horrible, this bloody deed.
 Yet shuddering seizes me that it is here—that the deed
 has been done,
 That I must watch, performed before my eyes
 What I had only seen in instinctive fears.
 All my blood freezes in my veins
 Before the frightful, irrevocable Present.

WITH looks full of sadness, with the breast torn by the agony of despair, we stand wringing our hands by the bier of a dear, beloved friend ; again and again our eyes, unsatisfied, look down on the lifeless body which lies before us, and yet we cannot realise, cannot believe, what we see : with each repeated look the doubt rises again : no : he cannot have left us : it is some vile conjuror's trick, betraying and bewildering our senses. Does he not stand there before our inner eye in the fulness of life, sound in body and soul, unmistakable in word, in gesture, in everything by which we knew him and for which we loved him. Yes, doubt on, still calls to us the voice of the terrible truth. Let the dead rest : thou canst not awake him with doubts.

How there rose before our intoxicated eyes, in the beauty of eternal youth, the Right and Liberty of the German people, fairer and more glowing than we had ever dreamt ! How the recollection of those great days yet quickens the beating of our hearts ! How stainlessly sacred yet stands before our inward gaze, in our deepest consciousness, the Eternal Right of the People !

But before our horrified eyes we see that Right again trodden under foot, and the murderous axe raised aloft which is to give it the finishing blow.

Deceived, too confiding People ! How they bowed them low before thee, crushed and humiliated, helpless before the wrath in which for a moment thou didst rise—these tyrants and masters of thine who had flaunted it at the cost of thy bitter sweat whilst thou durst only whine at their highborn feet. Yes, the People is pure and noble to its own ruin ; generous and merciful even in the tremendous hour of reckoning. It felt, it showed pity for the princes as they lay before it in the dust ; it raised them again on high upon their thrones, for it thought as the remembrance of the great hour in which I showed my might is inscribed upon my soul in letters of fire, so will these poor creatures whom out of my abounding graciousness I have myself invested with sceptre and crown and clad in purple, show themselves for ever henceforth mindful of the admonition as to their origin and their transitoriness which I have just made them feel in every fibre.

Poor, feeble, befooled People ! Thy own generosity plunges thee into ruin. With revenge in their rancorous hearts, those whom thou sparedst have gathered together in their revived strength to wash away in thy blood the shame of the humiliation they had to endure at thy hands.

Falsehood lords it, and the cunning of the coward breed of princes—and Right has vanished from German soil. Passively obeying the suggestions of the black hearted flatterers around him, the half imbecile Ferdinand of Austria must break his plighted word and faith to the Hungarian people, whose crown he wears. Then this people rises in its dreadful wrath; in the place of the lunatic uncle his nephew Francis Joseph, a boy of eighteen, ascends the Austrian throne, and his decree as to the fate of millions is proclaimed. What to him are the pledges which his predecessor made to the Hungarian nation? He despatches the entire strength of his army against the Hungarians. But the drove of heterogeneous mercenaries is blown away like chaff before the wind at the shout of liberty that rises from the righteous wrath of the mad-dened Magyar people.

Then the boy on the Austrian throne—what do I say? his traitor advisers—God's curse be on them!—call in the born enemy of the German spirit, the Russian, that he may sustain them in their helplessness, and with his murderous cannon make it possible to strangle the just demands of the Hungarian people.

And the present rulers of Prussia willingly permit passage through the Prussian provinces to the Russian troops on the march, that they may help, may help at the double quick, to ruin a neighbour people and to make an end of its sacred rights. For Prussia herself will soon enough be wanted to move against those of her own stock. Already the army of the King of Saxony is unequal to stopping the widely opened mouth of his people with his charity bread of powder and bullets. Already King Frederick William the Fourth, acting on the advice of his ministers, caring no further about the existence of a supreme imperial German authority, before the astounded eyes of the Arch-duke whose aim is to destroy that authority, is despatching the German sons of Prussia who bear arms into the heart of Saxony, to perform the soothing operation of opening a vein for the brother people whose blood has got to fever heat, that a quiet sleep may be ensured to the excited patient. Ay! and when our brothers have finished their job of work there, there will be another waiting for them amongst us, and, if they cannot manage it by themselves, why, there is the brother-in-law and friend and brother, the Russian, in the neighbourhood; he will not desert us in our hour of need!

Well, how do you feel as this charming prospect opens before your sleepy eyes? Will you not at last tear away the night-cap from your head, and fling it far away, far from you, to don in place of it the helmet of Strength and of Resolve? Do you not hear high in the clouds the thunder of the Lord?

What! will you only whine complaints while your shame keeps deepening on?

Shall empty sighs be all you dare till your best strength is gone?

Will there never thunder in your sky decision's fateful hour?

Have you not yet been trampled down enough by ruthless power?

The following editorial note appears in *Die Neue Zeit*, No. 74, Sept. 18, 1849:—

The editor will give a lengthened account in one of the next numbers of the proceedings of the Court at Prenzlau concerning the accusation of the royal

Surveyor Schrader and of Dr. Samelson. He is sorry to be only able to give the verdict now.

Against Dr. Samelson the public prosecutor of Prenzlau raised an accusation on account of a paragraph in No. 38 of this journal, entitled :—"Shame to him who would be a slave,"

1st. For having insulted the King.

2nd. For seeking to incite the people to rebellion.

3rd. For insolent and irreverent criticism with the regulations of the State.

The Council of the Templin district had rejected the two first clauses, and only retained the third as proved. The public prosecutor appealed against this, and the Court of Appeal at Berlin confirmed his decision, and ordered a verbal examination of the matter, to take place on the 14th of the month at Prenzlau. At this examination, however, the accused, Dr. Samelson, did not appear, and was therefore, in accordance to ministerial regulations, and without trial by jury, condemned in contumaciam on the 3rd of January. The sentence was imprisonment for four months. We will give further details later on concerning the punishment demanded by the public prosecutor, also the reasons which were made the ground of this conviction, but at present are not in possession of a reliable account. The accused can appeal against the sentence in contumaciam within three days after the receipt of the sentence, in which case a date for a fresh trial would have to be granted; or he may appeal against the justice of the accusations themselves, which he, as well as the public prosecutor, must do at the expiration of ten days to the Secret Supreme Court.

APPENDIX II.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF DR. SAMELSON'S WRITINGS.

* Cases exhibited or brought before the Royal Manchester Institution, Medical Section.

† Cases brought before the Manchester Medical Society.

The following list has been compiled by Mr. Ernest Axon:—

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* Cataract. *British Medical Journal*, Feb. 21, 1863, p. 200.

* Conjunctivitis, etc., from Lightning. *British Medical Journal*, Oct. 17, 1863, p. 432.

* Total Absence of the Iris in both Eyes. *British Medical Journal*, Oct. 17, 1863, p. 432.

Manchester Eye Hospital. Total Absence of the Iris in both Eyes. By A. Samelson, M.D., Surgeon to the Hospital. *British Medical Journal*, Nov. 7, 1863, p. 495.

* Blepharoplastic Operation. *British Medical Journal*, Feb. 27, 1864, p. 243.

* Three Cases of Laminar Cataract. *British Medical Journal*, Feb. 27, 1864, p. 243.

* Two Cases of Synchysis Scintillans. *British Medical Journal*, Sept. 9, 1865, p. 270.

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† Restoration of Vision after Long Blindness. *British Medical Journal*, Jan. 13, 1866, p. 55.

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A NEGLECTED POET.*

BY GEORGE MILNER.

IN offering a brief notice of the poems of Thomas Ashe, the writer feels that he is in some sense discharging a pious duty. An undeserved neglect has certainly fallen upon the poet whose works are before us. An attempt to make known their merit is due, not only to the poet himself, but also to those students of literature and admirers of poetry who seem to have hitherto so strangely overlooked what is in many ways worthy of careful attention. It should be added that the volume has local claims upon us here in Manchester. Thomas Ashe was born at Stockport in 1836, and was educated at the Grammar School of that town. His father was connected with the cotton trade of Lancashire; but subsequently took orders and became Vicar of St. Paul's, Crewe. He was a man of artistic tastes, and was all his life an enthusiastic amateur artist. His son proceeded to St. John's College, Cambridge, and was ordained in 1859. We hear of him as Curate of Silverstone, Northamptonshire; and in 1865 he was Mathematical Master at Leamington College. Afterwards he held the same position at Queen

* Poems by Thomas Ashe. Complete Edition. London: Geo. Bell and Sons, 1886.

Elizabeth's Schools, Ipswich. Here he remained till 1876. Beyond this point his career is not easily traced; but he is said to have spent many years in Paris. He is now resident in London.

My own attention was first called to the work of Ashe nearly twenty years ago, by the publication—apparently as an experiment—at the price of sixpence, of a beautiful poem, with the title of *Edith; or, Love and Life in Cheshire*. It is a sweet and simple idyll told in hexameters, and in spite of its measure, which so frequently fails to attract the English reader, it charms you by its delightful freshness and its homely beauty. After reading *Edith*, I was naturally anxious to see more of a poet who had evidently been amongst ourselves an unknown singer—"singing rhymes unbidden" to a world which apparently refused to be wrought into any sympathy either with him or his poems. After a while I succeeded in procuring *The Sorrows of Hypsipyle*, a dramatic poem of irregular form, but abounding in delightful passages. These are the only two volumes which I have seen in their original dress. The volume before us is a collected and complete edition of all his works. It begins with *Earlier Poems*, which extend over ten years—1855 to 1865. These are followed by *Pictures of Psyche*, 1864; *The Sorrows of Hypsipyle*, 1866; *Edith*, 1869-70; and *Later Poems*, which extend from 1866 to 1880. There are also a number of undated translations from the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, the German, and the French.

I doubt whether the issue of such a collected edition was wise. There are here some four or five hundred poems, in double columns, page after page. It is too much. Poetry should not be packed. As it demands alike for its production and its perusal something of ease and leisure, so in its presentation there should be ample

space and a measure of luxuriousness. At any rate the double column is a double heresy in a poet's publisher. It should be permitted only to the dictionary and the directory.

In noticing this book, however, the question which continually presses itself upon us and demands an answer is—Why, then, have not these poems, either in their separate or collected form, been more successful? It is sometimes said that if a poet is to make any place for himself in the world he must keep producing, and producing largely. It cannot be held that Ashe has failed on this ground. He has been writing for more than thirty years, and the body of his work is by no means inconsiderable. Nor can it be in consequence of his having been too narrow, either in his range of subject or in his choice of form. He has drawn from sources classical, mediæval, and modern; his themes are secular and sacred, personal and dramatic, while his measures vary from the simplest song or lyric to the irregular drama and the blank verse narrative. It is not that there is any lack of imagination, or of playful fancy, or of the power of seeing, or of the power of saying. Again, therefore, I ask—why have these poems been unsuccessful? It is not easy to meet my own question. I think they ought to have commanded success. But if I am still pressed for an answer, I can only reply that possibly it is because they lack that concentration and intensity which seem necessary to arrest and retain the attention of the modern world of readers. "The poet in a golden clime was born"—the ideal poet of the past, I mean. To him the twin worlds of matter and of spirit in all their aspects and with all their problems were open and unworn. He could deal with them easily and naturally. The fear of the critic was not always before his eyes, and he could afford to disregard the charge of pla-

g iarism. Now the most original poet is handicapped by the immense volume of his predecessors' work. Very much of what is fantastic, and strange, and unnatural in modern poetry, as well as in the most recent fiction, and in certain sections of contemporary art, is the result of the attempt to make new bottles out of old leather. It can be done, but it needs the highest genius to do it.

As I have said, Mr. Ashe deals with all kinds of subjects. This enables the reader to test his power. Take a passage from the Cheshire idyll—

On the right you heard the anvil ring in the village ;
 Heard the ass's bray, the mastiff's surly rejoinder ;
 Heard the waggon wheels, and lusty whip of the carter,
 Starting blithe away, refreshed, from door of the Heron.
 Greenly water-meadows were spread below in the hollow,
 Sweet with new-mown grass ; and cattle hither and thither,
 Slowly roam'd at peace, or loved to wade in the water.

This loving and simple treatment of English rural life and landscape gives a constant charm to his work. But he is equally successful with classic themes. The Sorrows of Hypsipyle, Pictures of Psyche, "Acis," and "The Myth of Prometheus," would furnish abundant proof. Here is a short passage from the latter poem—

Immortal, being mortal ; made a god,
 Unwitting ; having in him seed of years
 That baffle time ; yet in the place of calm
 And blissful ease of immortality,
 And ease of lilies and the asphodel,
 And ease of strife sheathed in a conscious strength,—
 Instead of these, O in the place of these,
 A vulture !

As instances of his treatment of mediæval themes, I would cite "St. Guthlac," and "Yseult of Brittany." "St. Guthlac" is in blank verse, but it has running through it, in the Tennysonian manner, a charming lyric, "Welland River," which, itself like a river, ripples along among the more serious lines of the poem. A few stanzas of this may be quoted—

Welland river, Welland river, by the bank-side cottage trees,
By the quivering happy aspens bear the pleasant river-breeze :—

River Welland ! River Welland !

Still as heaven, moonbeam silvered, and the misty fleece o'erhead,
Linger tender in the hamlets where they tarry whom we wed :—

River Welland ! River Welland !

'Mid your brown bullrushes wander, and make music like a sigh,
Where the merry, curly-headed, blue-eyed children sleeping lie :—

River Welland ! River Welland !

The local reader will find pleasant material in "An Idyll of Haddon," and in "Bettws-y-Coed," as well as in the Cheshire story of *Edith*. The following lines from "Bettws" are very characteristic of the poet's prevailing tone :—

Too tired to make a plan,
Or pose for critic grave,
I sing but as I can :—
What would you have ?
If you are sick and sad,
If the hard days have made
Havoc your hopes among,
Listen, and you will hear,
A soft sound, low and clear,
A murmur in my song.

Among the shorter poems which may be specially noted are, "Judge Elston," which is suitable for popular reading aloud ; "An Invitation," which is in the lighter style of Keats, and "Murillo's Ecce Homo," which, notwithstanding its irregular construction, is a fine and striking sonnet.

In seeking to call attention to an almost unknown poet, the critic seems compelled to enter upon comparisons, futile as they frequently are, dangerous as they always must be. My first impulse is to say that the poet under notice, in the character and variety of his subjects, in his mode of treatment, and in the volume of his work, reminds me of Longfellow ; but this suggestion I reject, because I feel that some would consider it but a poor compliment to Ashe, while others would resent it as an

improper depreciation of the American poet. It would, perhaps, be safer, therefore, and at the same time more just, to say that of all our modern poets Ashe most resembles William Allingham.

Again I express my wonder that this poet should be so little known. In the following short poem, entitled "Apologia," he acknowledges and accepts the neglect from which he has so long suffered.

No rest save singing, but a song for friend,
Have I, and sing, forgotten, to the end.
O World, for me ne'er care to weave a crown,
Who hold your smile as lightly as your frown !
Yet I grow sad to think upon my songs,
For which no man, nor even a maiden longs.
O my poor flowers, dead in the lap of spring !
I think it is too sad a harvesting.
For such brave hope, for such kind husbandry !
Yet I must still go singing till I die.

It is the writer's hope that even this very imperfect notice may bring some readers to the poet—fit though few—and that it may no longer be possible for him to say that he is wholly neglected and forgotten.

Since writing the above my attention has been drawn to a new volume of poems by Thomas Ashe, published in the present year, and privately printed at the Chiswick Press. The title of the book is *Songs of a Year*, and, so far as I can judge, it is literally the poetic harvest of a single year—the year 1887. The poems are all short, some not more than a stanza long, and there are about one hundred and fifty of them. Although slight in texture, and often only the crystallization of a single thought, they are all worth reading ; and, to a man who understands and loves poetry, many of them will bring that mental delight which results in the highest measure from an idea imaginatively conceived and artistically expressed.

The *Year* includes life in London, life by the sea, in the country, and on the mountains, love songs and erotic reminiscences. Then we pass to "Words of Life and Death," in which the deepest subjects are touched—Prayer, Altruism, Shibboleths, Darwinism, The Inner Soul, and the like. In the second part of this section there are three sets of poems—(1) With Schopenhauer, (2) With Obermann, (3) With Amiel. The book closes with a series of translations from Ronsard and other French writers.

From this sketch of its contents it will be seen, perhaps, that my theory of the genesis of the book is probably the right one. We have here a poet's diary. The things within and the things without—simple and noble, trivial and momentous—are looked at from long habit through the poetic medium, and are made in the most unaffected and natural manner the subjects of song.

There are two distinct kinds of poets, or rather, one should say, two distinct kinds of poetic work, because the same poet usually works in both methods at different times. A man may of set purpose choose a subject, cast upon it the light of his imagination, develop it, work round it and upon it, and finally produce a finished and monumental work of art; or, not seeking for a subject, he may take those which rise unbidden to the surface, which evoke his sympathies, and which, so to speak, *compel* poetic treatment rather than suggest it. The poet in this mood says with Tennyson, in *In Memoriam*—

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing;

or, to quote again from the same poem, he dares not—

Trust a larger lay.
But rather loosens from the lip
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, then skim away.

Such for the most part is the work of Thomas Ashe in this delightful little volume. I will only add that although there are no poems in the book of equal importance with many in the *Collected Edition*, it confirms my opinion of the author's poetical power, and increases my surprise that he should be, as he says again in this, his latest production, the—

Singer no man listens to.





THE LIBRARY TABLE.

Irish Songs and Poems. By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.
London: Reeves and Turner.

THIS book appears to be a selection by the poet himself of such poems previously written as have some reference to Ireland. Allingham has said in one of his prefaces that he never *compelled* himself to write a single line. We feel this element of freshness and extemporaneousness in almost all that he has written. There is no task-work, but only a gladsome "loosing from the lip" of the song that must be sung. Like Thomas Ashe, Allingham will sing on to the end, whether men will listen or not. Let us be thankful for such singing. How much poorer we should be if we had not—to take instances from this volume—added to our poetic store "The Ruined Chapel," "The Fairies," and "Lovely Mary Donnelly."

GEORGE MILNER.

Japanese Fairy Tale Series. Published by the Kabunsha,
Tokyo.

JAPAN, as a field for the exercise of European inquisitiveness, is not yet played out, though of late years we have absorbed so many artistic nick-nacks from that quaint country, and have distributed them with such charming *abandon* about our homes, that any Cook's excursionist

from the sunny Orient paying us a personally conducted visit, would doubt whether or not he had left his native country. The dress and form of government of the Japanese have also been adopted by us, and though these are for the present confined strictly to certain specified places and persons, and our Mikado is much under the influence of his two powerful Tycoons, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan—not even being allowed to show himself free of charge—yet no doubt these trifling limitations will soon be swept away, and we shall go about dressed in togas and paper umbrellas without attracting remark. Though we have thus shown ourselves ready to assimilate and put to practical use whatever good thing Japan could offer us, we have been densely conservative in this respect compared with the wily foreigner. It is hardly thirty years ago since Japan first opened her ports to the barbarian, but in that brief space the country has undergone an utter transformation. Her entire social system has been swept away, and replaced by another. From feudalism and the middle ages, she has sprang by a single bound into the midst of the civilisation of the nineteenth century. Those things which have cost us five hundred years of struggle and thought to achieve, she has acquired and adapted to her own conditions in less than fifty. And all this has been brought about, not by submission to the behests of a conqueror, but by the almost spontaneous effort of an ancient, keenly intelligent, and highly capable people to reap for themselves the benefits and advantages which they were quick to perceive were contained in the civilisation of the hated foreigner. Commercially, we also have gained much by the introduction of our mechanical inventions, our Manchester Cottons and Scotch Whisky into Japan, but it is possible that in the long run we may lose more than we shall gain.

Nations, like individuals, have their special faculty, capable of higher cultivation than any other, and which they discover by unconsciously moving on the line of least resistance. With us, the instinctive genius, the line of least resistance, lies apparently in mechanical invention, for in this direction we have achieved our greatest triumphs; with the Japanese it is unquestionably manifested in artistic invention. The bent of the best efforts of an exclusive people in one direction for a thousand years, must, one would think, result in some unique production, and such is the case with the Japanese, for their art is indeed *sui generis*. Up to a few years ago almost every person in Japan, and certainly every artisan, was also an artist. In this respect, however, change and retrogression have already begun, and it this special faculty, which time and tendency had conferred upon the Japanese workman, which is almost certain to be lost to us through the agency of Birmingham and Manchester. When that commercial triumph has been achieved the world will have one more irrecoverable loss to mourn.

We shall also lose, and that, no doubt, speedily, many of those stories and legends which the common folk of all nations seem to have treasured up and passed on from lip to lip for centuries, because of the amusement or instruction they afforded. In the case of Japan, such of these stories as have been so far collected by English investigators have not presented any very notable features. But the mine has hardly yet been entered; the people still, according to Mr. Mitford, being very shy of telling these folk tales to strangers, so that there is hardly any saying what may be in store for the enthusiastic comparative mythologist of the future. Recently, however, an enterprising publisher in Tokyo has issued a number of these folk tales under the title of the *Japanese Fairy Tale*

Series. These tales are in English, with illustrations by native artists. They are childrens' stories, having little or no resemblance to our fairy tales, the fairies, as we know them, being apparently strangers in Japan; but they are the first tales that are put by the Japanese mother into the hands of her children, and it is with such as these she entertains their budding minds and sends them off to sleep, before they are able to read for themselves. The majority of these stories bear more resemblance to the fable than to the fairy tale, and the animal world plays a large and sometimes very charming part in them. Nearly all of them contain as excellent a moral as ever entered the head of that downy old joker, *Æsop*. They show very clearly, and with refreshing quaintness, how envy and vice are always punished, and virtue and contentment are sure of their reward. The nearest approach to the fairy tale as we know it, is the story of "Little Peachling"; the furthest from it is that of the "Matsuyama Mirror," which is a piece of pure literature, and as a story is, indeed, very beautiful. One of the quaintest of the stories is "The Battle of the Monkey and the Crab," and perhaps the most curious and interesting, as giving an insight into the marriage forms and ceremonies of the Japanese, under a thin disguise, is the tale of "The Mouse's Wedding." So close a relationship between man and the animate and inanimate nature around him is shown in many of these stories, that if one cared to enter into some of the speculations and theories of the folk-lorists, there is material enough here almost for a volume. But it seems to me that to pile a mass of theory and speculation on so frail and beautiful a foundation as this is an absurdity and a desecration. I am content to be pleased with the simplicity and charm of such trifles without asking whence they are or why they are.

W. R. CREDLAND.

Musical Instruments, Historic, Rare, and Unique. The Selection, Introduction, and Descriptive Notes by A. J. HIPKINS, F.S.A., Lond., author of the article "Pianoforte" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Illustrated by a Series of Fifty Plates in Colour drawn by WILLIAM GIBB. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black, 1888.

THE cause for the production of this work may be traced—if not directly, at least indirectly—to the Inventions and Music Exhibition held in the Royal Albert Hall in the year 1885. At that Exhibition there was the finest collection of musical instruments, ancient and modern, ever seen in London, or indeed ever brought together. It would appear that no catalogue of these treasures was issued by the promoters or managers, which caused much disappointment and dissatisfaction at the time. That omission has been supplied in part by Mr. Hipkins, in the work before us, and we may rejoice that he has had the patience and perseverance to make a selection of the most noted of these instruments, and embalm them in the beautiful book before us. Mr. Hipkins states, as a reason for its issue, that "Classical, Mediæval, Japanese, and other varieties of Decorative Art, Weapons and costumes, have found worthy illustration and adequate description, but hitherto no attempt has been made to represent in a like manner the grace and external charm of fine Lutes and Harps, of Viols, Virginals, and other instruments." In this work—whether we regard the paper, type, printing, binding, the "music-making machines" selected, or the letterpress description—we must admit that he has made the attempt, and succeeded most excellently.

This magnificent publication, of which only 1,040 copies and fifty artist's proofs have been printed, has claims upon

the attention of the general reader, though we may say it is of primary interest to the musician. From a literary point of view, Mr. Hipkins' introduction is an excellent epitome of the history of music and musical instruments.

As an artistic work, we may view it as showing the various forms of musical instruments and the beauty of decorative art. The musical instruments, as here depicted, are extremely beautiful in form and colour. Some of them possess the "age of antiquity," whilst others recall interesting or tragic historical associations, as, for example, the Harp of Mary, Queen of Scots (Plate 2); Queen Elizabeth's Virginal or Spinet (Plate 8); and the Guitar of Rizzio (Plate 10). With us the pianoforte is essentially the musical instrument of the household; but in this volume we have beautiful illustrations, with lucid descriptions, of its predecessors—the Clavichord, Spinet, and Harpsichord, which in previous centuries were the popular instruments of the day. In Plates 14 and 28 we have two fine examples of an instrument called "Cetera" or "Cither," "sometimes called English Guitar," which Mr. Hipkins says is one of the oldest musical instruments extant. In Plate 41 we have an illustration of an instrument (Dolciano) which Mr. Hipkins considers of unusual importance, as anticipating the recent invention of the Saxophone, by the gentleman whose brass musical instruments are known as Sax-horns. Besides these, and many others, with whose forms and qualities of tone we are all, more or less, familiar, we have illustrations of Chinese, Japanese, and Indian musical instruments. Too great praise cannot be given to Mr. Gibb for his portion of the work. His correct delineation and minute detail, make each plate almost a perfect picture. Amongst the specimens of decorative art we note Queen Elizabeth's Lute (Plate 9), as a specimen of English work. The Ceteras before mentioned (Plates 14 and 28)

have some fine carved work. The Dulcimer is an old instrument with which we are all familiar; *now* often heard in the streets; looked upon with contempt, and considered as only fit for children to play with as a toy (instrument). Formerly, this idea did not prevail, as may be seen by a reference to Plate 17, where we have one of these instruments depicted, which shows us that the instrument (Dulcimer) must have been held in considerable estimation by the people of a bygone day. The instruments in Plates 25 and 26 are specially noted as beautiful specimens of Violins. The Stradivarius Guitar (Plate 29) is mentioned as showing true artistic work; while another guitar (Plate 32) is pointed out for its rare beauty of ornament. Mr. Hipkins speaks earnestly of the part that decoration played in ancient musical instruments, and hopes that the "awakening love" for instruments will find "expression in their adornment"; indeed, he appeals for help in the way of artistic decoration, naming sundry artists whose efforts in this direction are worthy of praise.

Mr. Hipkins' appeal is one that should meet with a ready response from the art world.

JOHN BANNISTER.



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